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The Maine Farmer.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Editor.

Our Home, Our Country, and Our Brother Man

House Building.

Almost every man who owns a farm or house lot, has an ambition to build a house if living in one he did not build. From the man whose needs require a large and somewhat pretentious house, down to the owner of a small frame cottage—and that of the simplest structure and plainest finish—it is common to hear men talk of building and re-building of the house "they are going to build," and of what they will do when they "get things fixed to suit them." If that time never comes, the anticipation is a pleasure, and perhaps there is much realized in this direction as in any other in which men build, not only houses upon the earth, but "castles in the air."

A house generally—especially in this country of moving, unsettled men and women—lasts through three or four generations, and has during the time as many, perhaps more, occupants. The man who built builded as he wanted to. If possessed of the means to carry out fully all his notions, (and if he had the means he probably had a good many "notions,") his house was, without doubt, elaborate, extensive and substantial. If on the other hand, his means were limited, he still built according to his ideas, and in the plainest structure had something showing his individuality. In both cases, the succeeding occupants had entirely different notions, and consequently made renovations and changes to adapt their dwellings to their own wants and needs. So with this constant change of occupants and owners, comes a constant change and re-modeling of houses. And while we insist upon permanency in dwellings, upon the idea of building them to last, we must still not forget that changes may occur, and that the monograms inserted in the brick or stone over main entrances, may be chiselled out by new owners. Ruskin has somewhere said that he cannot but think it an evil sign of a people when their houses are made to last but one generation only. There is much force in the remark, and yet, in this country with the pulling down and rebuilding that is all the time going on, perhaps it is just as well that men do not build more permanent than they do. A structure of wood can be easily enlarged or repaired, one of stone or brick not so much so; but with us, comparatively little use is made of the latter materials, especially of stone.

The first thing to be secured in a dwelling is domestic comfort, and after this ornament becomes a necessity to an intelligent, cultivated mind. But the idea of comfort does not depend upon permanency and fixedness. Of course a man wants a house that will not blow down, but he does not want one that it is impossible to alter. If you are about to build you may consult the best architect you know, unfold to him all your plans, tell him just how you want every room arranged, and after you have lived in the house a twelvemonth, you will want something changed. A dwelling house may be so constructed as to secure to its occupants the highest ends a dwelling can be made to serve and yet it need not be as indestructible as the pyramids of Egypt. The ambition which some men in our country have of creating mansions that are calculated to last for generations, and which it is hoped their children, and their children's children may occupy, is, to say the least, a useless expenditure of money. If with us there were classes of society out of which men could not step, if we had princes who could always inhabit king's houses, and peasants who would always be compelled to inhabit their humble cottages, the idea in either case would be more commendable. But where children leave the parental roof often before if not immediately on escaping the years of minority, to carve out their own fortunes, it is a blessed thing that they can also carve out with it just such a house and home as their fortune will allow and it is just the discipline that makes men of them.

Build durable and substantial; build for your own comfort, and that of your family; build for use and not for show, for yourself and not your neighbor; let the rooms be large and let every one be made to contribute to domestic enjoyment, have no dungeons and no rooms so nice you are afraid to step into them; provide abundant ventilation and let the sunlight, if possible into every room.

Storm Signals During Harvest.

Mr. A. Watson of Washington, D. C., of whose plan for signaling throughout the country the approach of storms, during the summer months, we have made some mention—has put before the public another circular calling attention to his plan. It is in brief to send in advance by telegraph notice of an approaching storm, indicating the kind of storm and the probable distance it may travel. At each city, county seat and principal town a cannon is to be kept ready to be discharged by the proper persons, at intervals which shall designate the approach of an ordinary rain storm, approaching rapidly or slowly, a thunder shower, hail shower, gale or tornado. In view of the distance in every direction, in which a cannon may be heard; Mr. Watson is sanguine that "by firing one at each county seat and principal town, the farmers over the whole country, in harvest time, will be warned to stop cutting, and to get their hay or grain under cover, or in a situation to shut out the rain, thus saving not only that portion which had been cut and cured previous to the warning, but also saving that portion which otherwise would have been cut during several hours or a whole day without such warning." We have little doubt, that with our knowledge of the laws of storms, and by the aid of the telegraphic lines which connects our entire country, some such plan as that suggested by Mr. Watson will eventually be put in use to warn farmers of the changes in the weather which during the summer months often cause such immense damage to crops that are being harvested.

Our Public Lands.

Some idea of the extent of our public domain may be gathered from the figures in the report of the Land Agent, made in answer to a request of the Senate for the number of acres of land owned by the State, "showing the extent of settling land, the extent of lands under contract for sale or conveyance and the extent of timber lands." The report shows that in Aroostook county there are 237,555,78 acres of settling lands yet remaining unsold, in Penobscot county 8,918 43, and in Piscataquis county 372 22. Of lands contracted to settlers, there are in Aroostook county 121,980 04; in Penobscot county 2,992.67, and in Piscataquis county 1,805.84. Of timber lands owned by the State there are in Aroostook county, 18,400 acres, in Franklin 50,251, in Oxford 87,030, in Piscataquis 20,940, and in Somerset 23,680. There are also 242,866 acres upon which the "timber and lumber" is reserved until 1884, making a total of 768,480.83 acres of settling and timber lands in our broad Commonwealth, yet owned by the State.

The Boston Post has about which our Bath correspondent inquires, can be obtained of Levi Jenny, Jr., of Fairhaven, Mass.

Farmers' Clubs in Summer.

We publish in our present number the proceedings of several Farmers' Clubs, and presume it may be the last with which we shall be favored until another fall. During the winter the reports from these associations have occupied considerable space in our columns, and, judging from the many expressions of satisfaction which have come to us through our correspondence, no part of our paper has been more attentively read. Not only this, many of the articles have been copied by the leading agricultural papers of the country, and thus the doings of a Farmers' Club in some corner of our noble State, reported through our columns is made to interest farmers in remote States, and possibly give hints, the improvement of which may be of great benefit to them.

Since November last, the organization of sixty-two Farmers' Clubs has been reported to us. But a small portion of this number have forwarded us detailed accounts of their discussions, many of them making use of county and local papers as the medium of communication with their brother farmers. The reports of these discussions have been of very great interest to us, and we have carefully examined our local exchanges during the winter, for the purpose of reading the accounts of their proceedings. Had it been possible these would all have been transfered to our columns.

Now that the long evenings are passed and the active individual work of members upon their own farms has commenced, we suppose the regular meetings for discussion will be discontinued until another fall. But in the meantime the work of the members for the general good of the club, and the mutual advantage of its members should not cease. It should in fact just commence. Each member should this season undertake some experiment or put in operation some train of investigation or thought for determining some disputed opinion, or more firmly establishing some partially accepted theory—the result of which should be reported to the club at the commencement of its next winter campaign. Bear this in mind; and when you begin your season's labors, plan some experiment for the benefit of the Farmers' Club. Thus, although the meetings for discussion may be suspended during the summer, the period may be one of real work for the Club, inasmuch as the experiments and investigations made are such as cannot be performed in the winter, and will furnish material about which to talk next winter.

Importance of Good Seed.

The efforts of Mr. Atherton to obtain some good seed barley, as related by that gentleman in his communication to the Farmer of a recent date—which our readers will no doubt remember—shows what a good farmer thinks of the importance of sowing pure, heavy seed, and the sacrifice he is willing to make to secure it. And we are strongly of the opinion that if more farmers took like pains to get good seed we should hear less complaint about poor crops. The farmer who breeds from inferior stock, can certainly expect no improvement in his increase, and so the farmer who sows light, foul seed should not be disappointed if his yield is of the same nature. The famous "Bedgree Wheat," originated by Mr. Halett of England, was the result of careful selection and persistent cultivation of the best; and what he accomplished can be accomplished by any farmer who will be at the pains to always sow the best, and take particular care of the product. An instance in point is that related by a writer in the Boston *Journal of Chemistry*, who in arguing for what he terms thoroughbred seed. He states in substance, that Mr. David Wentzel of Salem, Mass., sowed on most of the two acres of enriched onion ground, the best quality of "thoroughbred" seed; a portion of the rest with seed from a neighbor, and the remainder was bought at a seed store, and was probably a fair average. All came up equally well. The thoroughbred seed gave scarcely an imperfect onion, and the crop was very large. The seed from the neighbor, produced onions ten days later, less in quantity and quality, and valued at twenty-five per cent. less than the first. The onions from seed obtained at the store were still later, fewer and poorer, and valued at fifty per cent. less than the first.

Rules for Farm Help.

The late Mr. John Delafield, formerly president of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, and one of the best farmers in that State, had the following code of farm rules printed upon cards, one of which was given to every person he employed. We should like to see the code become generally adopted in this State, and would also like to have it printed upon placards and hung up in every barn and workshop of the country:

"It is expected that all persons employed on the Oakland Farm, will carefully attend to the following system:

Regularity in hours.
Punctuality in cleaning and putting away implements.
Humanity to all the animals
Neatness and cleanliness in personal appearance.
Decency in deportment and conversation.
Implicit obedience to the proprietor and foreman.
Ambition to learn and excel in farming.

Maxims of Order and Neatness.

1. Perform every operation in proper season.
2. Perform every operation in the best manner.
3. Complete every part of an operation as you proceed.
4. Finish one job before you begin another.
5. Leave your work and tools in an orderly manner.
6. Clean every tool when you leave off work.
7. Return every tool and implement to its place at night."

Honey vs. Hives.

At a meeting of the North Eastern Bee-Keepers' Association which convened at Albany, N. Y. in March last, the following resolution was adopted:—"Whereas, The greatest amount of choice surplus honey stored in a saleable form obtained from a single stock is the best evidence of success, and meritorious management, therefore Resolved, That our President and Secretary be, and are hereby appointed a committee to correspond with the agricultural societies, especially of New England and the State of New York, and urge them to offer premiums for honey instead of bee-hives. We advise them to offer liberal premiums for the largest amount of choice box honey taken from one stock. The parties competing to state whether the stock cast a swarm or not, whether the honey emptying machine was employed or not, and whether the stock was strengthened or not, by feeding or adding bees, comb or brood from other stocks, and the statements to have their proper influence in awarding premiums."

The above resolution it seems to us must meet the approval of all agricultural Societies, and of every intelligent bee keeper in the country; and we hope it will be duly considered by the former in making up their list of premiums for approaching exhibitions.

Orono and the College.

We are gratified to learn that at the recent meeting of the town of Orono, the vote on the question concerning the change of title to the college property, was entirely satisfactory to the friends of the Institution. The Trustees are now making preparations for vigorous work the coming summer.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Agricultural Mining in Maine.—No. 2.

Co-operative.

I seem to have an excuse, if not a necessity, for referring again to the article under this title, which appeared in your paper about the 12th of March, designed as a suggestion of a means to overcome the practical difficulty of using the subsoil plow. In confirmation of what seemed to be the force of this difficulty, reference was made to the remarkable infrequency of the use of the subsoil plow by cultivators in this State—so uncommon that the implement was said to be hardly ever seen or heard of among us. But within a week after the publishing of that article, it was my good fortune to spend some hours in the company of Mr. Barnard L. Marble of Dixfield in this State—a farmer, whose *faith in farming*, even in Maine, is clearer and stronger than that of any man I ever saw, and whose practical *works* go along with his faith—each proving and each helping the other.

Mr Marble has used the subsoil plow constantly, for a number of years, and—what came to me as a curious comment upon my own suggestions—he uses it with a *team specially hired for the purpose*. His own reflection upon the theory of the subsoil plow satisfied him of its usefulness, and he determined to avail himself of it, on his own land. He went to Portland to buy one, but, finding none there, he procured one from Boston. He is just as confident of its usefulness as he is of the usefulness of sunlight and rain. It is not a matter of question or uncertainty at all. He is perfectly settled in the theory and the practice. He has no more question about the fitness of hiring a team to draw his subsoil plow, than he has of buying a scythe or a hoe, when he needs one.

What is the most remarkable in the case is, that Mr. Marble's farm is, in the main, of a light, sandy soil. Many might suppose that here would be less use in loosening the under soil. But he states that he puts in his surface plow as deep as he can draw it with a yoke of oxen and a horse, and then following with a subsoil plow in the same furrow, he puts that also, in as deep as he can put it, with a similar team *hired for the purpose*. And what is still more interesting he does this plowing in the *fall of the year*.

The results are what he expected they would be, when he began this practice, and they are what all should expect. Referring to his corn planted on land so treated, he has uniform success. He does not care whether or not any rain falls from the time he plants his corn until harvest. This, of course, is a strong way of saying that in planting on land so deeply loosened and pulverized, he dismisses all apprehensions about drought.

Much more and that of the deepest interest might be said of Mr. Marble's farming, but I am not at liberty at present to go beyond this single topic.

Readers of the former article will have observed that its suggestions had reference only to the case of farmers who do their ordinary plowing by horses. Teams of farm horses are much more common than they used to be, but still a great many farmers use only oxen. Extra teams of oxen for subsoil plowing may not be so readily hired, as horses may be in the more populous farming districts. In such case, enterprising farmers, could they but be thoroughly convinced of the utility of subsoil plowing, might, at least, make arrangements with neighbors for change of work, and so obtain the requisite double force. Merely voluntary co-operation by exchange and "choring" may not be reliable as co-operation by contract for wages, where the latter is practicable at all, but it is better than none.

And here, permit me, with all deference, to make one or two suggestions for consideration by Farmers' Clubs. These Clubs are a most useful novelty, and the full extent of their value is not yet reached, by any means. They are, in a certain sense, a system of co-operative endeavors—confined for the most part, at present, to discussions, and the reading of essays. But co-operation may include *work*, as the term in its roots implies. Farmers' Clubs may come to embrace some kinds of joint *work* for the common good. They may undertake plans for *doing* something by co-operation. As, if a Club should determine to unite their contributions and their care to introduce and keep in their neighborhood, one or more valuable breeding animals. Even on an humble scale, great good might be done by such *working* together. So for the case in hand, if, in any Farmers' Club, discussion should result in a general consideration of the usefulness of subsoil plowing, but then the practical difficulties should present themselves for that neighborhood—the want of a plow even to try the experiment, or the inability to hire the necessary extra teams for the work—could not the members of the Club, by just and easy co-operation, unite their means to buy at least one plow for a trial, and agree to work it, one with another, upon their several fields, and in their different varieties of soil, until they had settled for themselves, by that co-operative endeavor, the truth of the theory and the benefits of the practice. The cost would be but little—the experiment could not fail to be an interesting one—and would it not be a credit to any Farmers' Club to have tried such an experiment thoroughly? If really successful, according to the scale of Mr. Marble's practice, the experiment would settle down with a customary and constant method of cultivation, and the subsoil plow would never disappear from that neighborhood. "It would *subsoil itself*."

B.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Management of Grass Lands.

No subject in connection with the business of farming should engage the attention of the farmer more than the management of his grass lands. Upon these we must depend principally for the production of milk, butter and cheese, and raising and fattening cattle. The hay crop of Maine is estimated to be worth $14,000,000; and $4,000,000 more than all our grain crops, including the potato crop also. Our grass lands may be divided into three classes. First, arable lands, or such lands as we are able to cultivate. Second, but stiff clay and wet soil, or such lands as it would not be profitable to plow. Third: meadow or swamp lands. Such lands as we are able to plow should be well manured and have thorough cultivation, as a thorough pulverising of the soil is one of the chief keys to successful farming. We have all observed how much larger the crop of hay was on a garden that had been seeded to grass, than on our cultivated fields. This is not wholly on account of more humus in the soil, as garden soil does not contain over three or four per cent. more humus than our cultivated fields, but it is partly on account of the mechanical preparation of the soil. When we consider that plants obtain food in the soil by roots with mouths so small as hardly to be discerned by the naked eye, we should consider how important it is that the soil should be in a proper condition to raise a crop of grain or grass. We should seed plentifully with a number of different kinds of grasses.

TOP DRESSING. On lands not too wet all will agree with me that it is best to top dress. We should give more attention to the composting of manures to be applied as a top dressing to our mowing fields. Let any farmer each year make but five or ten cords more of manure by hauling in muck and leaves into their hogpens or barn yards to absorb the urine, and apply it as a top dressing soon after haying, and the results will be wonderful. The grass will begin to grow immediately after the first fall of rain. The roots are nourished and are better protected against frost in winter, and if fed off in the fall it is not done so closely, as if no manure had been applied. One reason why grass crops run out is because they are fed too late in the fall, or over fed. In the spring they should not be fed at all. Cutting some kinds of grass too low is often very injurious. When the top of the root of herdgrass is taken up by mowing or feeding too close by sheep, it begins to fail and the owner is at a loss to know why it has run out so soon, little thinking that this close shaving of the roots is the cause of his loss and disappointment.

MEADOW OR SWAMP LAND. These swamps were formerly looked upon as so much waste land, but by draining they have not only been made to produce large crops themselves, but have also been made to contribute to the fertility of the uplands. I think that the farmers of a considerable part of the State of Maine must depend almost entirely upon these swamps to keep up the fertility of their farms. You will find these low tracts of land between ranges of hills, and these are the best deposits of muck. To the best accumulating forager, from the vegetable matter from the hills, leaves, decayed branches, dead grass, and all sorts of herbage; also some of the elements of the hills are washed down into these low places, and you will often find the deposits from four to twenty feet deep, and that muck is manure itself. Ex-Governor Brown of Massachusetts in speaking of a meadow that he had drained, said that it was covered with hassocks from three to ten inches high. A ditch was dug the entire length of the meadow and a stone drain was built. One side of the meadow was drained by lateral drains. The consequence was, in the course of two or three years without carrying a plow upon the piece at all, or one particle of manure or seed, every hassock disappeared, the ground became smooth, and Timothy came up three or four feet high, and some of the heads measured nine inches in length. That was the effect of draining the land. On the other side of the ditch where no drains were laid, the hassocks remain to this day. Thus the clearing up and draining of these meadows will add largely to our hay crop and enable us to keep more stock. They are in fact the best grass lands we have, yielding large crops of hay without being manured, and contributing towards fertilising the uplands by furnishing material for the compost heap, and manure by the consumption of their growth of grass. It has been said that "he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is a benefractor." Now the farmers of Maine can, if they will only make the necessary effort, all become benefactors of this kind. They could then afford to have better schools for their children, better farms, better stock and better crops. This can be accomplished by intelligence and industry. It is mind mixed with the soil that makes the prize farm.

Avon. J. R. N.

For the Maine Farmer.

Proceedings of Farmers' Clubs.

WEST WESTERPORT. This Club was organized Dec. 18th, 1868, with 12 members, since which time it has been increasing in interest as well as numbers. We now have forty five members. All that have taken an active part in the discussions have not only gained ideas which are valuable to farmers, but have found, or rather improved hidden talents, as regards speaking in public. Another good feature which our Club has brought out, is that part of the members are supplying themselves with agricultural papers, and with the books sent us by the Hon. S. L. Goodale, Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, we have formed quite a valuable library. The question discussed at our last meeting was, what crops are the most profitable for us to cultivate. The discussion was opened by A. P. Clement who spoke in favor of potato culture. J. C. Nesley gave his experience in growing hay, grain and corn. He spoke highly in favor of the corn crop for fodder, and also gave an account of his manner in curing the fodder by cutting up his corn when green and shocking it up, then let it stand for three weeks before husking. He said in his judgment an acre of corn fodder cured in that manner would be equal to one ton and a half of good hay. D. Libby believed the apple crop the most profitable of any. William Thompson spoke in favor of cultivating two years before seeding down, also spoke in favor of sowing corn for fodder. C. Conant believed every farmer should raise his own grass seed. He also spoke in favor of orcharding. F. W. Ritchie though: it best to spread his green manure on grain ground, and that we should raise our own grass seed. Wm. W. Ritchie thought every farmer should keep an account of the expense of each crop grown. Geo. Clement spoke in favor of the potato crop as the best paying crop. P. White spoke in favor of cultivating the soil three years before seeding down. Mr. Nesley said that grass seed sowed in the fall was apt to be a failure with him.

J. YORK, JR., *Sec'y.*

NORTH ANSON. Question of the last evening was renewed, and discussed somewhat—on the best mode of treating cows immediately before and after calving. It was generally thought that cows should be well cared for, that they should have something laxative before calving, sufficient to keep the bowels loose, and after calving should not be fed high, but have plenty of water. Some gave them warm drink at first, and then gave them cold water, when they would drink afterward. Q. P. Wood gave no extra feed before or after calving; fed well always on good English hay; allowed his cows to have free access to cold water, to take what they liked, and never received any injury by that course. Dr. Allen condemns high feeding, both before and after calving for the reason that it tends to create fever. Advocates reducing the amount of feed, if meal had been fed would engage it for potatoes; did not think cold water injurious, but beneficial and even indispensable to allay the fever consequent in the case. Others concurred with Dr. Allen in the giving of water. T. H. Spaulding did not feed differently before or after calving. Feeds potatoes, one peck per cow per day. After this brief discussion the question assigned for this evening was taken up, viz: "Is it profitable for farmers to raise potatoes for the market." This question took a pretty wide range on both sides, some favored, and some opposed the idea of raising potatoes, for the market. Some believing the consumers of the article were not all producers, hence it became necessary for some to grow a surplus, believing at the same time, that as much was to be made in the production of potatoes, as in any other crop of the farm. A farmer could as safely invest in a crop of potatoes, as corn, wheat or any other and even more safely. As the markets have been, even he could undertake to raise a given amount of money by the potato crop, with as much certainty as in any production of the farm. Dennis Moore does not believe it a profitable crop, he considers potatoes one of the most exhausting crops that can be put into the ground; and he would plant no more than he wanted for his own consumption. Q. P. Wood has always considered the potatoe crop a profitable one to a certain extent. He has summered from ten to twenty tons of hay, for the last (ten to) twenty years; does not sell it at any price. Never sold a pound in his life; has taken cattle to winter out in some instances and has lent hay to be returned the next hay season. Had not sold potatoes since 1837. He then sold some one or two falls on account of their rotting. His market is at home and he realizes a good profit on his sales. Judges from estimates for three years past, that every bushel of potatoes has netted him not less than 75 cents per bushel. Fully concurs with Mr. Moore that the crop was very exhausting to soil. Does not find anything better than potatoes to make beef. Makes his calculation in spring, how many cattle he wants to fat, and plants accordingly. Plants on his driest ground, manures high and plows under, and plants on top without any other dressing; gets a good crop. They don't rot. When he wishes to lay on fat as fast as may be, he gives the cattle what they will eat, after they get used to eating potatoes, which is two bushels per day to a seven foot ox, when he does not wish to hurry the process, he gives less. Considers turnips of little value for stock. Never feeds potatoes to sheep. Always feeds them without cutting. Feeds his sheep on corn when he feeds provender; is now giving two hundred sheep five pecks per day. Geo Flint believes potatoes an exhausting crop. He is confident that by feeding potatoes much hay is saved. Would not feed potatoes to sheep unless he commenced feeding in the fall. Thought them a poor substitute for corn in the latter part of the winter. Dr. Allen quotes from the Agricultural Report the average profit of potatoes, corn and wheat: potatoes $79 56, corn $44 56, and wheat, $36 32 per acre. From this report it appears that the potato is the most profitable crop and he fully concurred with the report that much larger profits may be derived from the cultivation of the potatoes than from wheat or corn. A surplus must be raised to feed the non-producing stock. Considers one bushel of corn worth three bushels of potatoes, to feed to stock. No crop is so valuable as the potato crop as it easily raised and quite sure of a fair yield. Don't know how a man can make out a thousand dollars more easily than by raising potatoes. Q. P. Wood has usually girted his oxen every day, and ascertained that by feeding potatoes they will gain one inch per week after being well started; and they will shrink in girth by changing from potatoes to twelve quarts of corn meal per day. Considers it a better way to raise money to sell a part of the farm rather than to manure it by raising potatoes. He had pastured four oxen, averaging seven feet in girth—from the first of November to the first of April. They had no hay (except ten days when hauling wood) and were kept on wheat straw and 16 qts. of potatoes, each, per day, or about 150 bushels in all. He had fattened on potatoes. Had sold from his farm, in the last three years, thirteen head of cattle, viz: six oxen, three cows, one two-year old, and three three-year old heifers, for the sum of $1,447. Dr. Allen thinks Mr. Wood has a peculiar way of polishing cattle with potatoes. He thought it much like a man drinking rum, as it served to bloat rather than fatten. Thinks that because a man raises potatoes it does not necessarily follow that he is impoverishing his farm, or making it any the less productive. The discussion closed here at a pretty late hour. Adjourned.

A. W. MOORE.

North Anson.

THE HARPER FARMERS' CLUB, No. 6, organized about two months since—is prospering finely. We meet for discussion every Thursday evening. Officers: President, Winslow Airey; Vice President, Sumner Smith; Secretary, James Danton; Treasurer, Rufus Jones.

J. D.

Harpers.

For the Maine Farmer.

Fruit Culture.

It seems to me that the cultivation of fruit, especially the apple, is deserving of more attention than has been paid to it by the farmers of Maine generally. I do not suppose there are many, if any farms in Maine where apples enough for home consumption, or the family's use may not be readily grown with little care and expense, and there are many farmers who have all the necessary advantages for producing fruit, who neglect to do it, and thus deprive themselves and families of one of the greatest luxuries that the farm can produce. There is no kind of fruit so extensively used and so universally liked as the apple, and by means of different varieties, it may be enjoyed in perfection throughout the whole year: yet, in passing through different sections of the country, I have noticed that a great many orchards are going to decay, either from neglect or age, and but little is being done comparatively to renovate them or to rear new ones. Some in this section have had excellent success in planting and rearing young orchards, while others have failed. There are many reasons for their failure. Some procured good healthy trees and set them out carefully, and then left them to struggle in a poor soil in competition with weeds, grass and browsing cattle. Some have become discouraged and failed by purchasing worthless trees of unreliable parties out of the State, quite a number purchased New York trees and but few comparatively ever amounted to much. It is time and money thrown away for a man to set out an orchard unless he intends to take care of it. A man would not plant a field to corn or potatoes and then leave it to take care of itself. No more should he his orchard. It needs attention and cultivation as much as his corn or potatoes and should have it as long as it requires it, and pays for the expense. If a man intends to set out an orchard he should decide first which season will be best for him to perform this operation, autumn or spring. I cannot say from experience which season is best, for I have always planted my trees in spring, and have so far had good success, when trees are transplanted in spring the earlier it is done after the ground is in a suitable condition to work, the better. People are too much inclined to defer it too long, for our springs are short, while the period suitable for transplanting is very brief.

After deciding this question he should select a suitable situation. It should be good upland, with a dry subsoil. Some people think apple trees will grow anywhere, but it is not so. The apple will grow on a great variety of soil, but it thrives best in a deep, gravelly, strong loam. Side hills almost always afford excellent situations. Whatever is the nature of the soil, it should be deeply cultivated and enriched, and if wet should be drained.

If the farmer has not a nursery of his own from which to select his trees, he should procure them of some reliable nurseryman, one that he can depend upon. I should prefer trees raised in our own State even if I had to pay more for them, for I believe they do better than those brought from the Western States, as those brought from other States must necessarily be more or less acclimated, and consequently would not do as well. Having procured his trees he should take great pains to *set them out carefully*, for his subsequent failure or success depends in a great measure upon his skill in doing it. The excavation should be made large enough to allow every root its natural position without crowding; the fibres should be spread out in every direction, as evenly as possible and the soil should be filled in so that there shall be no vacancies about the roots. A very common error, and one that should be avoided, is that of placing trees too deep in the ground. The tree itself will show how deep to place it. When the trees are set out do not neglect to mulch them by laying around for a distance of three or four feet a covering of some kind; coarse manure is good, but if you cannot afford it for your trees, refuse hay or straw will answer. It preserves a uniformity of moisture about the roots, and usually prevents the necessity of subsequent watering. After you have set out your trees, do not leave them to take care of themselves; remember they will require attention and cultivation. You might as well have spared the expense and trouble thus far incurred as to leave them to die from neglect. Some attention is necessary during the different stages of their growth to keep them healthy and in trim. Be sure to give them all the care that they require, and they will repay you in a few years for all your trouble.

April 4th, 1870. L. C. H.

For the Maine Farmer.

Agricultural Intelligence.

WALDO COUNTY. The twenty-third annual exhibition of the Waldo County Agricultural Society, will be held at Belfast on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday October 4th, 5th and 6th, 1870. At a meeting of the Society held April 1st, it was voted that the matter of Farmers' Clubs and Agricultural Lectures be left to the Secretary, to conform to the act of the Board of Agriculture; excluding all towns in the County included in the North Waldo, and Monroe Societies; the amount of cash to be expended not to exceed one-fourth of the State bounty. All stock must have been owned in the county two years, and all articles manufactured in the county and all crops must have been raised in the county, unless otherwise specified. The following premiums on wheat were offered. For best three acres of wheat, not less than one bushel, each sample, 1st premium $15.00; 2d, $10.00. For best two acres, 1st premium, $10 00; 2d, $5 00. For best one acre, 1st premium, $5 00; 2d, $3.00; 3d, $2 00. For the best specimen of wheat exhibited in the sheaf, 1st premium, $2 00; 2d, $1.00. Competitors for the wheat premiums shall notify the Secretary, thirty days prior to harvesting the crops, in writing, of their intention to compete for the premiums and the Committee shall visit the field ten days before harvesting. Committee on wheat, Geo. Woods, J. M. Savery, Wales L. Miller.

GEO. E. BRACKETT, Sec'y.

Belfast.

CROPS IN WASHINGTON COUNTY, for the year 1869, and entered for premiums at the last annual meeting of the County Agricultural Society, Merrill Sprague reports thirty and one-sixth bushels barley from 1226 square rods, it being about thirty-eight and one-eighth bushels to the acre; land manured with three cords long manure. Supposes the straw manured. Thomas McCartlie reports twenty-seven bushels barley from three-fourths of an acre. George O Lincoln reports thirty bushels of barley from one acre. Henry A. Sprague reports thirty-three and one-eighth bushels oats from one acre; one-half cord of manure put on one corner of the piece. Merrill Sprague reports thirty-two and three-fourth bushels of oats from one acre. Thomas McCartlie reports thirty-two bushels oats from one acre. George O Lincoln reports six and one-half bushels of beans from one-fourth acre. Wm. H. Ayres reports ten bushels yellow-eyed beans from one-half acre. Merrill Sprague reports four bushels of beans from 39 square rods. Enoch Fisher reports seven and one-half bushels marrow-fat peas on one-fourth acre. Merrill Sprague reports nine bushels and three quarts of dry peas and five bushels green peas in the pod on fifty-seven square rods. Charles H. Owens reports thirty-eight and one-half bushels of Jackson white potatoes from one-half acre. George Wattherson reports fifty-eight bushels of Jackson white potatoes from one-half acre. A. J. Allen reports eighty bushels of white bluenose potatoes from one-half acre. Thomas Robinson reports two hundred and eighty bushels of turnips on one-fourth acre. I suppose his turnips were the ruta bagas for there are but very few others raised here. Charles Huff raised four hundred bushels ruta bagas from little less than one-half acre, and Wellington Ayer about the same but the two latter did not enter for premiums.

Charlotte. LEONARD FISHER, Sec'y.

SPECULATION being to great in grass seed I advise good farmers to raise their seed and sow in the autumn. They will get a better crop of hay. Nature sows her seed in the fall.

A. W.

April 26.

A WEATHER ITEM. We have had pleasant weather for sometime, until yesterday, when a rain storm commenced with the wind north-east and rather cold. The frost is about all out in these parts and the snow mostly gone in the woods. Can sow wheat any time on dry ground after a day or two of rain.

C. H. H.

Rawson, April 20.

MR. BEAN'S WHEAT CROP. The amount of seed I received from the HARPER office and sowed from which I obtained twenty-five quarts, was two pecks, one or small quarts. The wheat my son raised from his eight knobs he intends to plant this season, the best hands he has saved separate, and intends to make some improvement upon the yield, of which you shall hear the result. Respectfully yours,

ENOCH A. BEAN.

Alna, April 28th.

For the Maine Farmer.

Ayrshires vs. Durhams.

In taking up my pen to write this article, I find myself in the condition of the shepherd boy who went down to the plains to meet the Giant of Gath, and wonder that I have the courage to take another step. But I will scratch the brook for a few stones, and trust to Providence for success. First then, if any man in Maine would pursue dairying an Ayrshire hobby is the only one that never miscarries. No matter whether this hobby-horse trot, pace or amble, the rider is all right. He draws no bow at a venture here. If the king himself is pierced—if in the way—it is no chance shot. If he is not skin in his own chariot it is because he who holds the bow has not power to draw the string. I would that it were in better hands this time. So much for the "hobby" our friend "almost wrote."

Second, It is said that the Ayrshire cattle originated from a cross of the Durham and Alderney, almost a hundred years since and their paths have been diverging ever since, and lost sight of each other years ago. Since the introduction of the strain of Highland blood by Swinley about 1820 (Department of Agriculture 1863, page 195) they have well-nigh lost sight of their former selves and become new creatures. They looking toward the dairy, the Durhams toward the shambles; or at least we hope to be able to show this. Let me say before I forget it that if I lived in England or anywhere where the summers were longer and the winters shorter than in Maine, I would not breed Ayrshire cattle. Next, it is said that the Ayrshire cow does not give as much milk in this, as in the old country. H. H. Peters' cow, "Jean Armour" gave in 114 days 5,612½ lbs. of milk, an average of 49 3-16 lbs. per day (see Maine Report 1861, page 135). Mr. Goodale of Saco wrote to me that his cow Fanny gave in June her live weight in milk in sixteen days. If these cows did better than this before coming here, I am very glad of it. I should like to make a few quotations from various agricultural reports, and if in my abreviations the sense is at all changed I will most happily correct it at any future time.

From Maine Report 1862, page 131: "In years past the improved Short Horns were generally possessed of excellent milking qualities, and some families in a remarkable degree. These, like the Devons, have by most breeders been directed towards the production of meat, and often at the expense of milk." Same Report page 134: "Dr. Reynolds says, 'A cross of the Ayrshire bull upon good common cows is what is needed as most profitable for dairy purposes.'" Again, same page: "For milk or cheese dairy, I would prefer Ayrshires to any other." In the New York Report for 1861, where the points are given and each number according to value, we find the *under* of the Ayrshire put about at 12, as of *especial importance*, while that of the Durham is put down 8. In the Massachusetts Report of 1868-9, page 187, the report of the committee says: "The Ayrshire is the representative of the milk and cheese breed, the improved Short Horn is the animal for beef." One might continue these extracts to any extent, but I think these sufficient for the present. Almost all the reports that have come to our hand agree upon three points, giving milk to the Ayrshire and beef and work to the Durham. They may be all wrong. It may be they have put us upon the wrong track. If so we ought to thank our friend, the editor of the FARMER for setting us right in this matter. Once more. I live in a Durham county—if I may use the expression—in a county where, until recently, none but the Durham stock had any sort of show at our fairs so far as premiums were concerned. These Durham breeders are intelligent, thinking men. They have never dreamed they were raising dairy stock. They say in public and private too that the cows are good enough to grow steers and oxen—*large* oxen—for work and beef is what is in demand, and in fact, one of the men who stands at the head of the list, whose steers are his pride, the pride of the town and county, and will compare favorably with any in the State, even this man is looking for something in the Jersey or Ayrshire line to supply his family with milk. You say, Mr. Editor, that a cross of the Durham will improve the native stock. I think any cross would do that. If I mistake not you have said that this was about the best cross that could be made. I thank you for this step in the right direction and think you will be "all right" the next time.

READER.

Orland, April 4th, 1870.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Woman's Letter.

Excuse me if I intrude on your valuable space but I do wish to write and express the hearty thanks with which your paper is received in our family, also to thank the kind friends of your household, who by their judgment and experimental knowledge, give advice which is of great profit to the young and inexperienced farmer, and would be to many of the older ones if they would leave the track of their fathers. There is one feature of your paper that is pleasant and interesting; that is letters occasionally from ladies of intelligence and education on matters pertaining to the farm, dairy and household. I for one hope this feature will be encouraged, for it is of interest to many men of domestic taste, and an excellent opportunity is also afforded for the ladies of our families to exchange thoughts, methods, &c. I shall profit by reading the article entitled "Teach your Steers when young," signed, A. A. Wells, Kennebunk. I was also much pleased by one in the paper of March 12th, from a farmer's wife. She believes that it is allowed that a woman may try her hand at most anything except voting. That is so, and to my mind when a woman executes any work with equal skill and precision of man, her compensation should be the same in any branch of business. But this desire can be accomplished without our wives, mothers and sisters entering into political strife. The lady's statement that every true and intelligent woman does her part of voting, indirectly of course, should and does satisfy every true woman. We all know what fascination a close contested campaign has for mankind even to the neglect of many things. Look at the influence a quiet mother has over her household. In our youthful days we look to her as the home angel, one that can straighten the tangled meshes and set our inquiring minds at rest. What young child is there that doubts its mothers word? All the evidence we want to satisfy your minds is mother's answer. A true mother will answer the questions of her child with care and forethought, that her explanation may be impressed on the mind, for well she knows, "as the twig is bent the tree inclines." What if her mind was engrossed in political strife and the questions of youth were answered with perversion and untruth, would not the damage be far greater than the good she might possibly accomplish at the polls. I hope the wives will shun this thing. Heaven forbid that such a step be taken when the advantage gained would be so small. I hope the women of our country will decide that little courtesies too numerous to mention but which every true lady appreciates, are of more value than the privilege of casting votes, for they cannot expect to receive the same courtesies in every respect if they insist on entering political life with man.

Women shun the unavoidable crosses you will encounter before the project can be looked on by a class of me., as ladylike and dignified. Excuse my long epistle and I will check my thoughts.

A. W. M.

Cambridge.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Plea for Bones.

A wonderful magnetism has been observed to exist between the roots of a tree and a bone deposited in the ground within its reach. For a stone or any thing not necessary for its sustenance this is not the case. The greed and alacrity with which a fruit tree sends out its roots and binds all the bones within its reach with many little clinging cords of affection, affords positive proof that a supply of their most vital nourishment

The Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Saturday, May 7, 1870.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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☞ *These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.* ☜

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☞ A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us *the name of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

Mr. J. F. Nutt is now in Hancock County.

Mr. V. Darling is now canvassing in Penobscot county.

Mr. E. I. Small is now canvassing Sagadahoc County for the Maine Farmer.

Rotation of Office.

We are not aware of any branch of private business in which it is not considered desirable that employees should be experienced. Other things being equal the sick man sends for an experienced physician, the client puts his case in the hands of an experienced lawyer, the manufacturer employs labor skilled by long practice, and, in general, it is conceded that the longer a man devotes himself to a particular calling the better he can perform his duties, and the greater compensation he can command. But to judge from our common practice, Statecraft is believed to be a science so simple and easy that the merest tyro is as good as the veteran,—nay, the very fact of long continued service becomes an argument against the man who has been in the public employ, and to many minds is a sufficient reason why he should be turned out and a greenhorn put in his place.

Freeman H. Morse of Bath, has for the last nine years been Consul General at London, but has recently been superseded, at the request, it is admitted, of the Maine delegation in Congress. Says the Portland *Advertiser*, "It was conceded that his services had been exceedingly valuable to the country and creditable to himself, and the delegation expressed no desire to send a better man, or to interfere with the succession in any way. The Maine delegation respectfully petitioned to have Mr. Morse removed, *because he was a Maine man*, and for no other reason, in order to increase the amount of patronage subject to their disposal." The Kennebec *Journal* quotes this language and criticises it, but does not deny its truth. We are therefore left to conclude that our representatives senators in Congress desired to have certain persons from Maine appointed to federal offices, from which they were excluded on the ground that in having Mr. Morse at London, and having various other citizens in office, Maine had already her share; in order therefore to make room for these new aspirants, Mr. Morse must be removed.

In any branch of private business one great incentive to the faithful discharge of one's duties is the knowledge of the fact that such conduct will generally be rewarded by a continuance of employment. But it is not so with these public offices. Honesty, integrity and nine years' experience must go to the wall when some untried man comes up and claims that it is his turn to have an office.

The country cannot afford to have its business done by raw recruits when veterans can be obtained. It cannot afford to discourage integrity and devotion to duty by refusing to reward them. It cannot afford to have its places of responsibility periodically apportioned out among the greedy aspirants who are always hanging on to the skirts of Congressmen and crying "give."

☞ The name of Hon. Jas G. Blaine has been used within the past few weeks quite freely, but without his authority or consent, in connection with the succession to the U S. Senatorship, in place of Hon. Lot M. Morrill whose present term of service will expire on the fourth of March next. Mr. Blaine writes a note to the Kennebec *Journal* peremptorily declining to be a candidate for the position. The letter is as follows:

Washington, D. C., April 28th, 1870.

To the Editor of the Kennebec Journal:

I have received within the year numerous tenders of support from leading and influential Republicans of our State for the position of United States Senator. I have neither accepted nor declined these generous proffers, and have refrained from all correspondence on the subject.

But it appears to me quite evident that my candidacy for the place, even if it should result in my election, would tend to produce discord among those who have heretofore been friends, and might possibly mar the harmony of the Republican party in Maine. Sincerely attached to the principles of that party, and desirous of its success far beyond any mere personal advancement, I deem it my duty to say, thus early and thus publicly, that my name will not be presented to the next Legislature as a candidate for United States Senator. Very truly yours,

J. G. Blaine.

It is understood that the contest for the Senatorship will be between the present incumbent, Gov. Morrill and Hon. Lorel Washburn, Jr. of Portland.

☞ J. W. Gilbreth, Esq, of Kendall's Mills, has just sold a beautiful trotting stallion, coming two years old, sired by Gilbreth Knox and known as the "Geo. Farber colt" to O. M. Shaw, Esq, of Bangor, the former owner of the fast trotting stallion Gen. McClellan. Also to Waldo T. Pierce & Co., of Bangor, another of the Gilbreth Knox family called "Silvereye," coming two years old, both black, and said to be very valuable and fast trotting colts. Two thousand dollars was offered by Mr. Pierce for "Knox-them-all." He is a splendid black stallion coming three years old, and of the Gilbreth Knox family. A similar offer was made by a Boston gentleman a few weeks ago. He is claimed to be quite a wonder amongst trotting colts.

State Fair. A petition largely signed by our citizens was presented to the City Council on Saturday last, praying for an appropriation to aid in securing the holding of the State Fair in this city. The petition was referred to a joint special committee, consisting of two on the part of the Aldermen and three on the part of the Common Council, with discretionary authority, provided that the sum to be paid by the city shall not exceed $500 and the furnishing of a police force not exceeding fifteen men during the time the Fair continues. The Committee consists of Aldermen Swan and Chase, and Councilmen Weeks, Cony and Barrows.

☞ Rev. W. A. P. Dillingham, formerly of this city, who left the Universalist denomination about three years since, and entered the Swedenborgian ministry, in the belief that he should find among the people of that communion a more vital and active spiritual life, with corresponding freedom of conscience and action. In this he seems to have been disappointed, as he has returned again to the fellowship of the church in which he was born and educated. His old friends will rejoice to extend to him a cordial welcome and he will soon resume his labors with renewed zeal and efficiency in the Christian cause to which his life has been devoted.

The Season is coming forward rapidly and most favorably for all the operations of the husbandman. The absence of rain has allowed the soil to become dry, so that farmers are now working upon land that could not be moved, last year, until a fortnight past this time. One of the most prominent farmers of Kennebec County informed us this week that he is twenty days in advance of last Spring with his farm work. The trees are putting forth rapidly and the prospect now is that the pasturing season will commence by the 12th or 15th of the month. Our first thunder shower occurred on the 28th ult.

☞ The Maine Methodist Conference commenced its sessions in this city on Wednesday of this week. The attendance of delegates, both clerical and lay, is very large, and it is expected the proceedings will possess unusual interest. The meetings will be held forenoon, and evening of each day, besides the early five o'clock prayer meeting.

☞ The Mendelssohn Quartette Club, one of the most accomplished musical organizations in the country, will give a grand vocal and instrumental Concert at Granite Hall on Thursday evening, assisted by the talented and famous contralto Mrs. J. W. Weston of Boston.

Whose Fault?

The whole country is horrified by a recent catastrophe in Richmond, Va. Three hundred persons were assembled in a small court room on an upper floor of the capitol building. The floor suddenly gave way, and precipitated its human burden twenty-five feet, into the hall of the House of Delegates, dragging down upon them the ceiling from above. Sixty-six persons were killed, and about one hundred wounded. Who was to blame?

But a few years ago we remember seeing the fall of a floor in a building on the fair-grounds at Gardiner, at a moment when it was far from being occupied to its full capacity. Many of our readers will remember the circumstances, and their sympathy with the sufferers. And this building was new, was intended to be crowded with people, and had not good fortune called the crowd out from the lower floor at that particular time, the loss of life must have been fearful. Was anybody to blame for that?

Such accidents are constantly occurring; and still the long suffering public allows itself to be beguiled into these mantraps, and when the crash comes crawls out from the *debris*, and tacitly assents to the lying verdict that "nobody did it." In nearly every instance, could the history of these structures be known, there has been criminal negligence somewhere, but the guilty parties are generally the only ones who know the facts, and their interest is not to reveal them. The motive that prompts the construction of insecure buildings, and of weak bridges, the laying of defective rails, the sailing of steamers with insufficient means for the preservation of passengers, is seldom worse than that root of all evil, the love of money. Sometimes the cause is mere ignorance or incompetence. But whoever knowingly thus trifles with the lives of his fellowmen, whether for the sake of saving a few dollars in his purse, or to pander to an indolent or heedless disposition, is guilty of a crime, and should be held responsible for the results.

We have a right to demand that all buildings wherein human beings are to be assembled for any purpose shall be strong enough to sustain the weight of all that can enter. We have therefore a right to know while such buildings are erecting that there are no flaws that will endanger the lives of those who may have occasion to assemble there. There is much to be commended in that prying Yankee disposition that is constantly displayed where buildings are in process of erection, and that criticises the laying of every brick, and the strength of every timber. Go on, good friends; spy out the weak places in every wall and floor, and if you observe anything that threatens a Richmond or a Pemberton Mills disaster, do not fail to make it known.

Sudden Death. The sudden decease of Mr. Charles E. Bailey, an energetic and successful business man, and estimable citizen; on Sunday morning last, produced a profound sensation in our community. Mr. Bailey retired to rest on the night previous apparently in his usual health. His wife awoke about four o'clock on Sunday morning and found him apparently in great distress and unable to speak. Dr. H. H. Hill was immediately sent for, but Mr. Bailey died before he could reach the house. The Doctor pronounced the disease palsy of the heart.

Mr. Bailey was very extensively engaged in the purchase and sale of hay and produce, for the Boston market, having removed to this city from Sidney about a year since. During the past winter he had purchased large quantities of hay which was stored at various points on the line of the railroad. On Saturday afternoon he received a dispatch from Boston informing him of the great fire on that day, by which the extensive depots of hay in that city were destroyed, and urgently requesting him to send forward his entire stock to supply the deficiency occasioned by the fire. The opportunity thus opened to him was one of great pecuniary advantage, and it is supposed that the excitement attendant upon the reception of the intelligence may have induced or hastened the attack of heart disease which terminated thus suddenly his life. He was about forty years of age, and leaves a wife and a family of interesting children.

Another Railroad Bridge Destroyed. On Saturday afternoon last the railroad bridge crossing Cathance river between Bowdoinham and Topsham was destroyed by fire. The fire is supposed to have caught from sparks from a locomotive which crossed the bridge a short time previously. The bridge was about 100 feet in length and built of wood. The work of rebuilding was immediately commenced under the energetic direction of Superintendent Lincoln, and so expeditiously prosecuted that the Monday evening train from Portland passed over the bridge, only forty-eight hours having elapsed between the destruction and completion of the structure.

We are sorry to learn that a serious casualty occurred on Monday while the work of rebuilding was in progress. A plank broke and precipitated three men, who were at work upon it, to the rocky shore some twenty feet below. Michael Toley of Winslow, struck upon his head and shoulders, and was probably fatally injured; John S. Ames of Kendall's Mills, was seriously injured in his side; Arthur D. Smith also of Kendall's Mills, was seriously injured in one of his legs. Surgical assistance was immediately procured, and everything possible done to alleviate the condition of the wounded men.

City Affairs. From the report of the City Auditor, Sam'l W. Lane, Esq., for the year ending March 19th 1870, we gather the following statement of the financial condition of this city. The amount appropriated for various objects of expenditure during the past year, was $109,117.87, to meet which a tax was laid upon polls and estates of $114,603 48. Amount expended $92,050.41. Balance undrawn $17,067.46. Temporary loans paid $61,042.40. Loans negotiated, $51,181. Liabilities of the city, $392,429 91. Resources, $59,451.05. Balance against the city $332,778.86. The balance against the city, March, 1869 was $339,633.02. Decrease of debt, $6,854.16.

At the meeting of the City Council on Saturday last, appropriations were made to cover the estimated expenditures for the ensuing year, amounting to $109,491.61. This includes the State Tax, $29,303 87, and the County Tax, $6,878 74.

☞ A Centenary Mass meeting will be held in this city on Thursday, May 19th. Gen. S. F. Hersey of Bangor, the President of the Maine State Convention, is expected to preside, or in his absence, Hon. Sidney Perham, vice President. Rev. W. E. Gibbs of Portland will preach the Centennary Sermon in the morning and Rev. Dr. Miner of Boston will make a special address in the afternoon, followed with brief appeals for contributions to the Centennary Fund, by other eminent clergymen and laymen of the denomination. The concluding meeting will be held in the evening. Those attending the meeting will be cordially welcomed and entertained by the members of the Society.

☞ The Children's Levee in aid of the Universalist Centenary Fund to be given at Granite Hall, on Tuesday evening next, will be worthy of and we hope will receive the generous patronage of the community. The entertainment will consist of the interesting, popular drama of "Bread upon the Waters," music, refreshments, &c., closing with a social dance. Admission to the Levee 25 cts.

☞ The Senate on Thursday last confirmed the nomination of Hon. J. L. Stevens of this city, for the joint mission to Uruguay and Paraguay. He will take his departure for Montevideo in the steamer which leaves New York on the 23d of May.

☞ Friend J D. Lang, of Vassalboro, recently appointed a Commissioner to the Indian tribes of the Northwest, is now in Washington to receive instructions preparatory to entering upon the duties of his mission of peace and good will.

☞ A bill has passed the U. S. Senate to replace certain government bonds belonging to Miss Mary A. Coolidge of this city, which were destroyed by fire several years since. A very tardy but welcome act of restitution to a deserving woman.

☞ The burletta of "Vivia" at the Unitarian Festival on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, by the little people of the Society was a highly entertaining affair, and the Festival passed off very pleasantly and successfully.

☞ It is in contemplation among the surviving members of the First Maine Cavalry to hold a reunion in August next at Bangor.

Awful Catastrophe in Richmond.—*Fifty eight Persons Killed and One Hundred and Twenty Injured.* On the morning of Wednesday last a terrible calamity occurred in Richmond, Va. The floor of the Court of Appeals in the State Capitol gave away and precipitated the hundreds gathered there to hear the decision in the Mayoralty case of Ellison and Cahoon into the hall of the House of Delegates below, resulting in the death of fifty-eight persons and severely wounding about one hundred and twenty others. Among the killed are P. H. Aylett, a distinguished lawyer, Dr. J. B. Brock, reporter of the *Enquirer & Examiner*, Samuel A. Eston, clerk to Mayor Cahoon, Captain Wm. A. Charters, chief of the fire department, Asa Levy, a Richmond merchant, N. P. Howard, a lawyer, Chas. Watson of the Danville railroad, Hugh Hutchinson and Levi N. Webb of Richmond, Wm. Schofield, brother of General Schofield, R. H. Mo.ney, Jr., Senator Bland, colored, and Powhattan Roberts. It is supposed that 20 members of the State Legislature are killed and wounded. The Judges of the Court of Appeals all escaped unhurt. Ex-Gov. Wells was badly hurt; L. H. Chandler, counsel for Cahoon on the mayoralty case, was injured; James Mason and Judgh Meredith, counsel for Ellison, were also badly hurt.

Hundreds of persons were in the Capitol Square weeping and wailing as the dead and dying were brought from the building. Gov. Walker who was on the Court room floor at the time, escaped unhurt.

Directly after the disaster occurred the fire alarm was used to give notice and the hook and ladder companies of that city repaired at once to the spot. For three hours the scene was full of horror. Minute after minute there appeared, swung out by a rope tied around the middle of the body, some popular favorite, who after being swung on the top of the shoulders of the fire brigade, mangled and dead, was brought down the ladder into the green of the public park where it was instantly surrounded by 2000 or 3000 of those who had gathered to recognize the slain. The park was filled with weeping women and anxious men, until 2 o'clock when the last victim was drawn from the building. After this the police closed the park and refused admittance to any one. The bodies of the dead having been sent out, all the stores in the city were closed and placards put upon the doors, "Closed in consequence of the disaster at the capital.", No more business was done during the day.

The Richmond papers of Thursday morning the following details of this terrible calamity: g give

The bells had just tolled the hour of 11, and deathlike silence reigned as Mr. Starke, the clerk, entered and placed his books on the table. Judge Joynes was in his seat. Mr. Starke, leaning over the railing, was talking with him, while the rest of the judges were in the conference room not quite prepared to enter on their day's duty. The counsel for Mayor Ellison had taken their seats, and were ready to proceed to business. Ex- Governor Wells and L. H. Chandler, Esq, were also in their places; and the reporters of the city papers were at the desks set apart for their use and accommodation. Various were the speculations as to the final result, when, all at once, a panel piece of ceiling fell, and then the girder gave way with an awful crash, and precipitated the spectators who were in the gallery of the court-room to the main floor, and the additional weight in one single moment's time crushing the court room floor through, the mass of human beings who were in attendance were sent, mingled with the bricks, mortar, splinters, beams, iron bars, desks and chairs, to the floor of the House of Delegates, and in a second more, over fifty souls were launched into eternity! The whole atmosphere was thick with a dense cloud of dust from the plastering, and the human beings sent up a groan which will ring forever in the ears upon which it fell. In a moment, a few survivors clinging to the windows and fragments of hanging timber, and the bare and torn walls, were all that remained to mark the place where only a moment before there was a scene of life, vigor and hope.

The scene about the capital building just after the sad occurrence, was one of horror. The first notice that those who were in the building had of the impending evil was the premonitory rumbling as the floor was settling. Then there came a fearful crash, accompanied by a cry of human agony and terror, which smote the hearts of all those who heard it. In a moment the frightful situation was realized. The few who had been so fortunate as to be able to get into the windows shouted aloud for help for those who had fallen, and called for ladders. In a short time the bells were tolling, and the hook and ladder truck being brought upon the spot, the ladders were put up to the windows, and the work of humanity began.

In the House of Delegates was a scene that fairly made one's heart bleed. As the dust cleared away a little, a mass of timbers and rubbish of every description was descried, and the reflection of the number of human beings crushed beneath its weight, dead and dying, was sickening. Add to this the cries and groans of those who were there, many in the agony of death, and there is a picture to make the stoutest hearts quail. The entire hall was flooded with the ruins, except the space under the gallery. Desks, chairs, and tables, were crushed completely, showing the force of the falling wreck. The work of removing the *debris* was a difficult one, but was undertaken by those present with a will, and it was not long before the unfortunate men were being rescued from their painful position. As the wounded and dead were reached, they were sought out and placed in the Senate chamber or else under the trees in the square, where they were attended to by our city physicians and others who were on hand with such appliances as could be obtained. As the men were brought out they were so covered with dust that they could scarcely be recognized, and for a while the anxious inquiries of the bystanders, "who is he?" could not be answered. One by one they were borne out—the dead and dying. Here was one mangled and silently enduring, another crying aloud with pain, while the still form of a third told too well that its spirit had fled to another world. In one moment the gray hairs of age could be descried upon the head of some dead one, while in the next the tall, manly form of one who had been cut off in the full bloom of life was being borne past. It seemed as if sickening horrors would never cease, and ages seemed to pass in the performance of this sad duty.

The tolling of bells, the rushing and shouting of excited men, and the news of the fearful calamity, which spread like wild-fire over the city in an incredibly short space of time, brought an immense crowd of all classes, ages and colors to the square.

Hundreds of wives, mothers, and friends, were constantly filling the grounds, who, with wringing hands, sought in despair to know if any of their loved ones had been of the number mangled War with its horrors, its agonies, its sad separations, its ghastly wounds, its horrible deaths, pictures to the mind no such scene as the one which was enacted in the square yesterday.

The most terrible feature about this whole affair is the heartrending manner of death in the majority of instances. Many of the dead, when brought out, were found to be without serious bodily injury, but had evidently died from suffocation. The mere contemplation of such a thing is sickening. Hard, indeed, was the fate of those who had escaped death from the falling timbers in the end to die from the untold agonies of suffocation.

The experience of the different persons rescued from the *debris* was exactly opposite. One gentleman says the first thought was that both the rival mayors were killed, and he wondered who would be mayor next. Another says he has no recollection of anything until he got out, and heard no crushing of girders beneath the floor as others say. Another describes minutely all the sensations he experienced from the time he was first aware that the gallery and court room were giving away until he landed finally on the floor amongst the falling timbers, in the House of Delegates, where he was saved by plank lodged so as to ward off heavy timbers that fell afterwards. Lewis N. Webb of Richmond, had not been in the room a minute before the floor fell, and he was instantly killed. Mr Bagwell, delegate from Northampton, and Mr. Turner of Warren, had left their places in the hall of the House only a few seconds before the crash came, and their seats were crushed to atoms.

Just before Mr. Aylett entered the capitol he was conversing with a friend about the death of Hugh R Pleasants, and remarked on leaving, "We are all passing away." Mr. Aylett was borne to the plateau north of the capital, where he expired. He uttered a fervent prayer before death forever sealed his lips.

One of the most remarkable escapes was that of D. B White, a member of the legislature from Elizabeth City. He fell through the floor with the rest and did not receive a scratch. He did not leave the spot, but despite the suffocating dust, remained and worked vigorously to get out the wounded and dead.

M. Rush Burgess fell on top of a gentleman whose name he could not learn. He asked, "My friend, can you not move a little?" Mr. B replied, "No, I cannot sir." "Well," said he, "I must die. Good-by."

During the time in which Hon. George W. Brent, of Alexandria, was covered in the ruins, Mr. Chandler, who was between the window and Mr. Brent was endeavoring to get away when Mr. Brent caught him by the arm and begged him, for God's sake to let him get some air, but in Mr. Chandler's position it was impossible for him to move until assistance was rendered. In a short time, however, he was taken out and his life saved.

We learn from Mr. Chandler, who was doing well late last evening, that Mr. Samuel A. Eston was sitting on the back of his chair when the floor fell through. Eston was killed and Mr. Chandler not seriously injured! Such escapes are most remarkable.

Dr. Thompson, member of the House of Delegates from Hanover, was caught under two men who were instantly killed by a falling beam. He himself was slightly injured.

Mr. H. H. Keenan was buried beneath the ruins for three-quarters of an hour, and was found nearly suffocated under the dead bodies. He has almost entirely recovered.

The cause of the disaster was the weakening of a girder by taking away a supporting column to improve the appearance of the Hall of Delegates.

Five more deaths have since occurred, making sixty-three in all.

For the Maine Farmer.

Our Washington Letter.

Washington, D. C., April 27, 1870.

Messrs. Editors:—The arctic regions would seem to offer few points of attraction for any person, but for those who have become familiar with their scenery from personal observation, they seem to possess a charm which prompts the braving of all dangers and the endurance of the most extreme hardships. Situated in a zone so remote from civilization, and fortified by barriers of almost unfailing ice and snow, the rewards for discoveries in these inhospitable latitudes would seem to be so few, and the perils of such enterprises so apparent, that importunity for the privilege of making such voyages would scarcely be looked for. There are those, however, who are not only willing to incur all such hazards, but who are strenuous in the opinion that these experiments will eventually result in opening a passage to the north pole itself, and who defend the theories which support their conclusions with no small ingenuity and ability. But while it may be doubted, perhaps, if any practical results can ever be obtained from these perilous adventures, and whether it ever will be possible for a vessel to effect a passage from Baffin's Bay to Behring's Straits, *by way of the north pole*, still the expected contributions to scientific knowledge, and more especially the additions to geographical data from the northern hemisphere, which may be looked for not unreasonably from these enterprises, afford no inconsiderable reasons for encouraging their prosecution, as they offer at least a possible reward for incurring the expenses involved in such expeditions.

Capt Charles Francis Hall and Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, both widely known already from their previous arctic explorations, are each very enthusiastic still upon the subject of discovering a "northwest passage," and eagerly volunteer their services in this behalf, if the government will defray the expenses necessary for the successful prosecution of such an enterprise. In view of the possibility of solving the long debated question as to the existence of an open sea at the north pole, and to double the opportunities for observation and discovery in that direction, it has been suggested that the government should not discriminate either in favor of the exclusive employment of Dr. Hayes or Capt. Hall; but that both should be supplied with every means necessary to secure all possible knowledge of northern latitudes, and that two expeditions should be fitted out, one to be commanded by Dr. Hayes, and that they be directed to approach the point sought to be gained through the north-western passage of Behring's Strait, and also through the more familiar and frequented route by way of Baffin's bay on the east. The competition of two such rival expeditions would doubtless act as a powerful stimulant upon the exertions of the skillful commanders, and thus all that it is possible for men to accomplish would be done to penetrate the barriers now lying in the paths of discovery. But a small portion of the public money would be required to set these expeditions in motion, and it is to be hoped that it may be appropriated, and in such ample season as to make it early available for the purposes of the enterprising voyagers. Success even in this undertaking would scarcely be more wonderful that other achievements of the present century.

The inclination towards extraordinary economy in the public expenditures may, it is feared, by a too rigid adherence to the rule, degenerate into a policy that will bear with unnecessary severity upon many cases. The application of this system of retrenchment to such of the officers of the Army and Navy as have become somewhat inospacitated for active service, from faithful performance of duties in the field and afloat, is an error which inflicts great wrong and injustice upon many deserving men. The personal animosity of such individuals as have aspired to enter either of these branches of the public service and failed to succeed, ought not to be permitted to operate where they are temporarily invested with the privilege to speak and vote upon such questions. That this condition of things has sometimes been witnessed, there seems considerable reason to believe; when the reputation of gallant soldiers and sailors has been assailed by such smooth and special pleading, that they have not found for the time being any voice to deny the plausible misrepresentations. These attacks are cruel and unjust in an especial degree, and not unfrequently have been refuted by their objects proving to the world how patiently really great and brave men can wait for justice, and how calmly and heroically they can die for the honor of their profession and the country, when occasion demands from them such a sacrifice.

The tactics of "masterly inactivity" seem to prevail in Congress touching certain topics, prominent among which may be noticed the public desire for the unconditional repeal of all laws conferring the franking privilege. The most extraordinary resort to the right of petition ever known at the U. S. Capital, (as indicated in a previous communication,) has been witnessed in the expression of public sentiment upon this subject. The people are evidently, and unanimously, in favor of abolishing the franking system altogether, and are entirely willing to assume all the risk and responsibility such a step imposes, with the view to save the country the enormous outlay of the public money yearly lavished upon this most objectionable system. There are few persons proof against the temptation to use their names frequently and injudiciously, when so many opportunities present themselves through the numerous channels of personal and political business, and when the privilege they exercise is that belonging to an entirely irresponsible party. The facts recently stated by the P. M. General may have seemed to the public to be partly fictions, and the figures he exhibited romances of numeration and addition; but could any unprejudiced person behold the mounds of unnecessary documents which daily find an avenue to the public through the Washington city post office, during the sessions of Congress, it is believed the loud voices for the abolishment of the franking system would be very much increased in volume. Some few efforts have been made, during the present session of Congress, in the proper and popular direction of repeal, but not with the earnestness or zeal which the correction of an evil of this vast magnitude requires. If any further directions from the people are desired concern this matter, the indications are that they will not be waited for long, or that they will be mistakeable, when received, for anything but unconditional repeal of the franking system.

The salary of members of Congress was very nearly doubled during the war, under the plea that increased expenses at the Capital rendered such a course necessary. The war has ended, but not the augmented salaries, although prices are now ruled very nearly by "the specie standard"; the comfortable advance is still drawn with apparent complacency and satisfaction, and the voices for economy in this direction are so few and weak, that the "welfare of the country" does not seem likely to induce a return to old rates of compensation by the honorable members.

About fifteen miles below Washington, situated upon the banks of the Potomac river, stands the Mecca of America,—the home of Washington,—Mount Vernon. The estate is now owned by the Mount Vernon Association, under whose judicious management most of its former dilapidated looks have passed away. Various relics of Washington are exhibited at the venerable mansion at Mount Vernon, which memorials are daily increasing in number, under the appeal of the association that they may all be collected and restored to the old homestead; though quite a number, whose histories are familiarly known, yet remain scattered about in various sections of the country. It is hoped, however that in time every existing reminder of the great commander may be secured and restored to Mount Vernon.

Steamboat communication between Washington and Mt. Vernon is had daily during the summer months, and large numbers of visitors avail themselves of the opportunities for seeing the home of Washington. The site is probably the most beautiful, as well as interesting, of any to be found in its vicinity. The general arrangement of the grounds and buildings,—the original plan of which remains for the most part undisturbed,—shows both the resources of a fertile mind, and a refined taste for the practical as well as the beautiful; the grounds being laid out in such manner as to combine both the useful and ornamental in a high degree, and the buildings being so situated that views from them command much of the pleasing scenery of the Potomac river at this point.

Looking downward where rest the venerated ashes which consecrate Mt. Vernon, and from thence forward through the eventful years which the sagacity of Washington penetrated and so clearly forecast the future of America, new views of the powers of his massive and far-reaching intellect are obtained, and clearer ideas of the worth of the inheritance we possess, in no inconsiderable sense through his instrumentality, are suggested; and the heart must be cold indeed which does not renew, at his sacred tomb, its earnest vows to cherish through life the rich blessings derived from America's bountiful government, for whose preservation, in the clouded days of its early history, future generations shall respond to the present in blessing the memory of George Washington.

M.

☞ May Magazines. We acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines for the month of May:

Lippincott's Magazine. Philadelphia: T. B Lippincott & Co. $4 00 per year. [With the opening chapters of Anthony Trollope's new story, "Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite."]

Arthur's Home Magazine. Philadelphia: T. S. Arthur & Sons. $2 00 a year.

Godey's Lady's Book. Philadelphia: L. A. Godey. $3 00 per annum.

The Overland Monthly. San Francisco, Cal. A Roman & Co. $4.00 per year.

Our Young Folks. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. $2 00 per year.

Harper's New Monthly Magazine. New York: Harper & Bros. $4.00.

Putnam's Monthly Magazine. New York: G P. Putnam & Sons. $4 00 per year.

Hours at Home. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. $3.00 annually. [A magazine we have often commended as one of the best periodicals for the home circle published.]

The Atlantic Monthly Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. $4 00 per year.

American Exchange and Review. Philadelphia: Fowler & Moore. $3 00 per year.

Old and New. Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co., 135 Washington St. $4.00 per year. [One of the freshest and best of our magazines.]

The Riverside. Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co., 135 Washington St. $2 00 per year.

Massacre by Greek Brigands. A despatch dated Athens, April 26th, gives the details of a massacre of several English gentlemen who had been captured by Greek bandits. The massacre has caused the most intense excitement in England and all parts of Europe, and will probably lead to the employment of foreign troops in suppressing brigandage in Greece. The troops of the Greek government were in pursuit of the brigands hoping to rescue their captives. A severe fight ensued near the classic plain of Marathon in which the brigands were defeated and put to flight. During the retreat Lord Muncaster made his escape, and was found and communicated with the pursuing party. The chase was then renewed with vigor. On the fourth day, Mr. Herbert, an *attache* of the British legation, and Count Boyl, secretary of the Italian legation, becoming thoroughly exhausted and unable to proceed further, lagging behind and much delaying the escape, they were brutally murdered. On the next day, and the fifth of the pursuit, Vyner, Lord Gay's brother, and Mr. Lloyds, their exhaustion again impeding their flight, were poignarded, the band having exhausted their ammunition. At last accounts the troops were still in pursuit of the bandits, with but little hope of their capture, their superior knowledge of the country rendering their apprehension difficult, now they are unimpeded with prisoners. A terrible excitement prevails in Athens, and the reports have produced such a terror that travellers do not dare to leave the city. The combined legations in Athens are urging the most strenuous exertions on the part of the government of King George to avenge the murdered. The bodies will be brought to Athens and buried with funeral honors by their respective legations.

The Baltimore Homicide. Further particulars of the terrible slaughter by an insane mother in Baltimore of her four children are given by the press of that city. The cunning displayed in the consummation of the deed impresses the belief that she had entertained the thought of destroying her children for a long time. Her mind had evidently been impaired for several days. The morning after the tragedy the poor woman realized, in all its terrible import, what she had done, and to those who approached and inquired, for no idle motive of curiosity, she told her story of love, of desertion, of poverty, of taunts and madness. She is 27 years of age and lived happily until religious dissensions crept into the family. Her people were Catholics and did not agree with her husband's religious views, and, imperceptibly almost, wife and husband became estranged. The trouble increased until at last home had no charm for either and they separated. Her sister, who lived in the same house, she says, often taunted her into madness by saying, "Why don't you take your children away to their father?" "Why don't you get rooms?" etc., until her despair and wretchedness was such that she knew not what to do. That she was a raving maniac there can be no doubt. When she called the first victim from school she said "let me see your mouth;" he smilingly complied, and with that smile he died, for, quick as thought, with the knife she severed his head from his body leaving it hanging only by a few ligaments. She then despatched the other three in the same manner and finally rushed upon her mother cutting her throat in such a manner as to render the question of life or death a problematical one.

Hazing at Bowdoin. A letter in the Portland *Advertiser* of Monday, signed 'Senior,' says that for some time there has been considerable ill feeling existing between the Freshmen and the other classes, which came to a point last week in the determination to revive the supposed obsolete institution of hazing. The project came to the ears of the Freshmen who, hearing the plans of their opponents, determined to fight fire with fire. Accordingly some fifteen or twenty of them collected in one of their rooms Saturday night barricaded the door with a bureau filled with stones, and braced with planks against the opposite wall. Providing themselves also with clubs for offensive weapons they sat down and waited the result. At about half-past eleven the attacking party made their appearance and summoned the garrison to surrender but that was not what they were there for. The door was battered with an axe and after a while an opening was made. The more daring of the Sophomore party attempted to enter and met with a hot reception. A fight followed in which clubs were freely used and it did not end till several were laid senseless on the floor and the cry was raised that one was killed. Fortunately this proved to be untrue. The hazers retired leaving the Freshmen in undisputed possession of the battle-field. Dr. Mitchell was called to dress the wounds of the injured. We learn that the matter is now undergoing investigation by the Faculty of the College and it is hoped that severe measures will be taken for the repression of the spirit of lawlessness and outrage which prevails in this institution.

The Oneida Disaster. The report of the Naval Court of inquiry held at Yokohama to investigate the cause of the collision between the English steamer and the U. S. Corvette Oneida has been received at Washington. The investigation results in fixing the entire blame of the collision and its dreadful consequences, involving the total loss of the Oneida with the destruction of the lives of 115 of her officers and crew, upon the Captain of the Bombay. And the report says that "the conduct of the Bombay, after the collision, in passing out of sight and not communicating with the Oneida, in disregarding the loud hails of the executive officer of the Oneida, disregarding the signal of her whistle, which kept blowing until she sank, and finally not hearing, or if she heard, in not replying to three or four heavy signal guns fired from the Oneida, although they were distinctly heard in Yokohama, at a distance of over nine miles, is so guilty and blamable that this court can only speak of it as unparalleled in cruelty."

☞ A dispatch was received in this city on Wednesday, 3d inst, stating that the Lime Rock Bank and the Savings Bank connected therewith, was entered about 4 o'clock the same morning. The safe was blown open and the entire contents, consisting of money, government bonds and other securities carried off. We have no other particulars.

☞ The monthly statement of the Secretary of the Treasury shows the public debt on the 1st inst. to be $2,420,864,334. Decrease during the last month, $11,697,793. Decrease since March 1st., 1870, $17,154,142.

Items of State News.

The Skowhegan *Reporter* says the damage by the late storm in New Portland was considerable. The bridge across the Gilman stream at the North Village was swept away. The bridge across the same stream at Mr. Parsons' near East New Portland was also carried away. A bridge across a mill stream in that town, emptying into the Carrabassett on the west side, between East New Portland and Anson was lost. The roads were badly washed.

A large dwelling house in Calais, owned by Mr. Joseph Granger, and occupied by six families, was consumed by fire recently; loss $1500. There was no insurance on the building. Another building standing adjoining, owned by Mr. Patrick Turner, caught fire and was nearly destroyed; partially insured.

The schooner Grace Clifton, belonging to Joseph Pink of St. George, bound from Darien, Ga., to Providence, R I. with lumber, was abandoned at sea, water logged, on the 19th of April. All the crew were rescued by the ship Mikado of London, and safely landed at Falmouth, England.

Schooner W. T. Emerson, Capt. Luther Dow, was run into Sunday off Cape Ann, and was badly damaged, and the mate, Peleg Patten of Penobscot, knocked overboard and drowned. The schooner got into Cape Ann, and has on freight the machinery for Hon. A. P. Emerson's new factory at Orland.

The Biddeford *Journal* says that during the late freshet, a bottle was dropped one morning into the Saco, at Bartlett, N. H., and was found on the intervale of the Saco city farm at five in the afternoon. Quick travelling.

The *Reporter* announces the death of Capt. Joseph H. Malbon of Skowhegan. Capt. Malbon was a native of Skowhegan. He entered the army in the 16th Regiment, was promoted to Captain and remained in the service till the close of the war.

The Biddeford *Journal* says that Mrs Hannah Kenny of Elliot, a lady 71 years of age, died in her house Friday alone in her bed, evidently without awaking from sleep. The neighbors mistrusting something to be wrong from her failing to be about at her usual early hour, entered her house by forcing a window.

The St. Stephens *Times* says that Mr. Josiah Loring, Custom House officer at Calais, mysteriously disappeared on the 11th inst., since which time nothing has been heard from him. His wife was very sick and died the following morning. Loring was informed by the doctor that she was near her end, and no reason can be assigned for his sudden disappearance.

The Lewiston *Journal* says as Mr. John Keene was viewing the machinery of Sidney Phillips & Co's saw and shingle mill in Livermore, last Saturday, the timber and flooring gave away and he was precipitated about eight or ten feet into the water which was running millfall like, accompanied with ten or fifteen thousand of shingles, all upon him. He being of giant strength and a good swimmer, managed to clear the shingles away so that he got his head above the water. His cries for help were heard and he was soon relieved from his perilous position, very little injured.

Persiah Weymouth of Morrill, brother of John Weymouth of Belfast, died suddenly from apoplexy, on Friday last. He was visiting his friends in Belfast at the time, says the *Journal*.

The convicts at Thomaston seem to be getting troublesome. On Tuesday an assault was made upon the Deputy Warden, with a knife, and he was cut in the face, but not fatally.

The house and barn of Lewis Brookhoff in Clifton were burned at noon on Tuesday with all their contents, including furniture and bedding, 300 bushels potatoes, 300 bushels of grain, harnesses, sleds and farming tools. Loss $4000. No insurance. On the same day and hour the house and buildings of Jerry Champion in Charleston were burned with all the contents. Partially insured.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Congressional Summary.

TUESDAY, April 26.

SENATE. Mr. Sherman, from the Finance Committee, reported that the Committee were unanimously of the opinion that no change ought to be made in the rate of taxation of distilled spirits.

Mr. Wilson reported a substitute for the House Army bill.

Mr. Anthony reported a bill regulating the public printing and discontinuing the publication of books and official documents.

Mr. Willey offered a resolution, which was adopted, directing the Committee on Education and Labor to inquire into the expediency of dividing the net proceeds of the sales of public lands among the several States for educational purposes, and otherwise so providing by law that all the people of the United States may have an opportunity of acquiring a common school education.

Mr. Pomeroy's joint resolution in relation to the conduct of the Spanish Government in the treatment of captured Cuban insurgents was indefinitely postponed.

HOUSE. Mr. Niblack of Indiana, from the Committee on Appropriations, reported that the Fortification Appropriation bill be made the special order for the 5th of May next. The bill appropriates $1,264,750. Among the appropriations are the following: For Fort Preble, Fort George and Fort Sommel, Portland Harbor, Me., $75,000.

The bill establishing a Department of Justice was reported from the Committee on Retrenchment and laid over until to-morrow. The bill provides that there shall be an Executive Department of Government, of which the Attorney General shall be the head, and to which the Solicitor General and two assistants, the Solicitors of the Treasury, Internal Revenue and Navy with their assistants, and the Examiner of Claims of the State Department, shall be transfered.

Messrs. Schenck, Dawes and Voorhees were appointed a Conference Committee on the Income Tax bill.

The Tariff bill was taken up in Committee of the whole and the iron schedule was considered until the adjournment.

WEDNESDAY, April 27.

SENATE. The bill for the enforcement of the 15th amendment was made the special order and will come up as soon as the franking bill is disposed of.

Mr. Pratt, on leave, then addressed the Senate upon the principle involved in the bill for the settlement of claims for quartermasters and commissary stores furnished or taken by the United States within the States in rebellion during the late war.

Mr. McCreery followed Mr. Pratt in support of the amendment to pay all claims without reference to the loyalty of the claimant, after which the bill was laid aside.

Bills removing disabilities for members of the Texas legislature, and appropriating $300,000 for a new United States building at Albany were passed.

HOUSE. Mr. Paine of Wisconsin introduced a bill to reduce the duties on imports. Referred.

Mr. Farnsworth of Illinois, from the Reconstruction Committee reported a bill removing the disabilities from certain members of the Texas Legislature. The bill passed.

The tariff bill was considered in Committee of the whole.

The proceedings were interrupted to allow Mr. Pratt of Virginia to announce the calamity which occurred at Richmond Va., by the falling of the floor of the court room.

Mr. Cox of New York suggested that after such intelligence the House was in no condition to transact business, and it had better adjourn.

Mr. Schenck of Ohio said that the intelligence was very sad and distressing but did not think the House could do any good in the matter by adjourning. Mr. Cox withdrew his suggestion.

THURSDAY, April 28.

SENATE. Mr. Sumner presented a memorial from the National Executive Committee of the colored people of the United States, asking that the word "white" be stricken from the naturalization laws. He said he had already introduced a bill on the subject and hoped that the Judiciary Committee would act promptly in the matter.

Mr. Edmonds, a member of the Judiciary Committee, said that the word "white" ought to be stricken out of all laws; that the committee had been charged with bills revising the whole of the naturalization laws, and they expected to report upon the subject of the memorial in a short time.

The exceptions made by Mr. Robertson's amnesty bill are of persons who left Congress, the army or the navy, to aid the rebellion, and all members of the State Conventions which adopted ordinances of secession.

HOUSE. The bill establishing a Department of Justice was taken up and passed.

The joint resolution for a portrait of Gen. Thomas passed unanimously.

Resolutions appropriating $3000 for experiments in ventilating the hall of the House, and declaring there had been no legal election in the Fifth Louisiana District, were passed.

The remainder of the session was occupied with the Tariff bill.

FRIDAY, April 29.

SENATE. Mr. Wilson introduced a bill providing for competition in the examination of cadet appointments to military and naval academies.

The Senate concurred in the House resolution appropriating $3000 for experiments in ventilating the halls of the Capitol.

The bills incorporating the Boston & Washington Steamship Co., and authorizing the issue of arms for instruction and practice to certain colleges and universities were passed.

HOUSE. Mr. Logan reported adversely on bill permitting retired army and navy officers to hold civil office.

The Senate bill granting 940,000 acres of public land in aid of the construction of the Portland & Astoria (Oregon) Railroad was opposed by Mr. Holman, of Indiana. He said there were now 90 bills pending appropriating over 250,000,000 acres; that Government had already given away 78,000,000 acres of public land for purposes of education, 185,000,000 acres to build up fortunes for crafty and unscrupulous men; and that at the present rate there would soon be no lands left for homestead and pre-emption purposes, for which over 100,000 000 were taken last year. He had read a remonstrance from the workingmen of New York against the further absorption of public lands by railroad corporations.

Mr. Sargent—What prevents these men of New York from going out to the West and occupying these public lands?

Mr. Holman—Are they not going at the rate of a million a year?

Mr. Sargent—They only go where the railroads have gone before.

The bill passed 97 to 68.

SATURDAY, April 30.

HOUSE. On motion of Mr. Schenck voted that when the House adjourns on Thursday next it will be to meet on the following Monday.

The Senate bill requiring the Postmaster General to prescribe an earlier time for the execution of contracts by accepted bidders, and for other purposes, was passed, and various Senate bills were referred to the appropriate committees.

Mr. Schenck of Ohio, by unanimous consent, and after explanation, introduced a Joint Resolution providing that all persons duly elected to office in Texas shall have 30 days from the 30th of April, 1870, in which to file the oath of office prescribed in the act of March 30th, 1870—passed.

Mr. Schenck rose to move to go into Committee of the Whole on the Tariff Bill, but Mr. Judd of Ill., before the putting of that question, offered a resolution that all special orders in the Committee of the Whole be postponed until after the consideration of the general calendar in that Committee. He had no disguise in stating to the House that his purpose was to pass over the Tariff Bill and reach a bill introduced by himself, which consisted of but three sections, and which reduced the tariff and internal taxes. That was the object, intent and purpose of his asking to postpone all special orders. In order that the House might judge whether that was a proper course, it would be necessary to look at the condition of business. The House had been in session since the first Monday in December; it was now the first of May, and no bill had yet been acted upon, reducing the burdens of the people. In the present condition of the business of the House and from the manner in which the business had been conducted so far, he asked the House to consider whether before adjournment, any such state of affairs would be brought about.

Mr. Judd's resolution was rejected.

MONDAY, May 2nd.

SENATE. Mr. Wilson, from the Military Committee, reported adversely upon the following subjects, which were indefinitely postponed: Petitions that retired army officers be allowed full salaries; a memorial of the Universal Peace Society against an increase in the number of the Military Academy. The Senate passed the following bills: To make up the deficiencies in the land grant to the Oregon branch of the Pacific Railroad; granting lands and right of way to the 36th parallel for a railroad from the Mississippi to the Arkansas rivers; regulating the system of credits to prisoners; for the relief of the widdows and orphans of the officers and men lost on the Oneida, giving them a year's pay with an increase in certain cases to which they are entitled by promotion after death.

HOUSE. A bill granting Mrs. Mary Lincoln a pension of $3000 per annum was passed, 72 to 51; and the resolution making Decoration Day, May 30th, a public holiday, was passed without division.

☞ The Cuban insurrection seems at last to have proved a failure. Gen. Jordan formerly of the Confederate service who has been in command of the Cuban forces for several months past has abandoned the cause. News from Nassau via Havana has been received stating he had arrived there in a small boat, accompanied by six men. Jordan is stated to have declared that after defeating Puello he intended to march on and attack Goyeneche and take Puerto Principe, but that the Cuban Congress and prominent military leaders objected, pronouncing the plan dangerous. So he informed them that he did not wish to command cowards and therefore was no longer wanted, and carried his resolution of leaving Cuba into immediate execution.

Foreign News.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

Dispatches via. Atlantic Telegraph.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, April 26. The official details of the late massacre in Greece are equally humiliating to the Greek Government and the British Legation at Athen.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Monsell, Under-Colonial Secretary, said that orders had been sent to Ottawa to disband the Canadian Rifles, and that the Government is still deliberating on the Red River difficulties.

In the course of the debate Mr. Gladstone asserted that the Government was a unit in regard to the policy of the Colonial Office. The present feeling about the colonies was due to the rapid relaxation of their bonds within the last 30 years, whereby they had gained practical autonomy. The country would see that, if separation should become necessary, it would be accomplished without convulsion or violence. A free and voluntary contract was the only possible basis for the continued union.

LONDON, April 27. The Mordaunt divorce case came up again to-day before Judge Penzance. The counsel for the respondent argued for a stay of the proceedings on the ground of Lady Mordaunt's insanity, and cited a large number of American cases on which they mainly rested their application. The Court reserved its decision.

In the House of Commons to-day the bill permitting a marriage with a deceased wife's sister was considered in committee. Mr. Gladstone though the opposition to the bill rested on a narrow basis. Sectarian views might and did differ on the subject. The bill simply made an allowance for such diversity. The bill was vehemently opposed by several members, but was carried in committee by 70 majority.

LONDON, April 28. The illness of the Archbishop of Canterbury is so severe that he will offer his resignation, which is hourly expected. The Bishop of Winchester will be appointed his successor.

In the House of Lords, to-day, Earl Clarendon submitted the correspondence in regard to the recent tragedy in Greece. He said that the Greek and Turkish Governments were both making active and united efforts to secure the entire band of assassins, and 500 troops were in hot pursuit. Over half of the gang have been overtaken. Of these, seven have already been beheaded, and five are undergoing examination, and will immediately be executed.

Earl Carnavon thought that the Greek Government was responsible for the atrocities of these brigands, but advocated suspention of judgment until after a thorough investigation.

In the House of Commons Mr. Otway said that official information had been received from Athens confirming the worst details of the massacre. At the last accounts the brigands were yet uncaptured and were making for the Turkish frontier. The Turkish authorities, however, were on their guard, and would arrest the fugitives if they attempted to cross the border. The remains of the victims have been embarked on board of the frigate Antelope and taken to Malta.

The House, in committee on the Irish land bill, rejected the amendment obliging a tenant to vacate peaceably at the termination of his lease.

LONDON, April 29. The arch of the new Metropolitan Railway under the northern end of Blackfriars Bridge gave way to-day. Twelve men were buried in the ruins. They were all taken out alive, but severely, if not fatally injured. Two have since died.

FRANCE.

PARIS, April 26. A number of Carlists, returning to France, have been arrested and compelled to remain at their places of abode. Several of the leaders have been seized on the Spanish frontier.

The *Presse* announces that on the 12th of May an amnesty for offences against the press laws will be issued.

Raspail the chief of the Radicals, has issued a manifesto denouncing the plebiscitum, and advises the citizens to remain quiet in case of a visit, and declaring that all must be decided by universal suffrage and nothing by violence.

Hostility to the plebiscitum in this city is apparently gaining ground. To-day the Emperor, while holding a review, was coldly received.

PARIS, April 28. The police are making great preparations to insure good order during the period for taking, counting and declaring the vote on the plebiscitum.

PARIS, May 3. The *Journal Official* to-day announces that the police have been for some time on the track of a plot against the life of the Emperor. Yesterday morning one Beaun, recently arrived from England, was arrested in Rue des Montons, whereby the plot is completely discovered. On the person of Beaun were found a large sum of money, a revolver, and a letter from London from a man who was implicated in a similar plot in February last. The letter and the confession made by Beaun leave no doubt of his intention immediately to make an attempt to assassinate the Emperor. Other parties implicated in the conspiracy have been arrested, others succeeded in effecting their escape from France.

SPAIN.

MADRID, April 26. Brigadier General Merelo left Madrid to-day for Havana to take command of the Eastern Department of Cuba.

MADRID, April 27. Great impatience is manifested by the press at the prolongation of the provisional form of government, and the agitation in political circles is increasing. Serrano has said that he will accept even a Republic if General Prim will agree to it.

MADRID, April 30. The telegram from New York announcing the uprising of the volunteers in Cuba is positively contradict d by the Government which received favorable news direct from Cuba.

There is no longer any question of the resignation of the Regent Serrano, who has now desired the ministry and the majority of the Cortes to effect the solution of the question of a Monarchy.

Special Notices.

SHAKING AND BURNING.

It is not necessary to journey from the tropics to Alaska in order to experience the extremes of heat and cold. Thousands are annually subject to all the inconveniences of this thermometrical change every day, as the case may be, without the trouble of moving over the threshold. What are they doing to expedite their returns to a medium temperature?—to break the chills and banish the fever? Are they doing it themselves with Quinine, thereby imperiling the soundness of their bones and impairing the vigor of their brains and nervous system? Some of them are, no doubt, but not the majority of them, is to believed. The value of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a harmless and certain specific for fever and ague is understood and appreciated in all parts of the country where intermittents prevail. The residents of such localities begin to take it early in the spring as a protection against the miasma by which they are surrounded; not all of them, perhaps, for a blind adherence to error is the specialty of some people, but not the greater number.

If there is any fixed fact in therapeutics, it is this: that the Bitters are a far better safeguard against all the varieties of periodic maladies produced by unwholesome exhalations than any drug or compound in the materia medica of the profession. This assertion is made with all due respect to the faculty, but being an important truth, and one that nearly concerns the health of large sections and in various parts of the country, is indeed of the public at large, it is made fearlessly. Founded on ample and unimpeachable testimony, it defies disproval.

To break up chills and fevers, as well as to prevent them, there is nothing so reliable as this wholesome vegetable remedy. 1m23

For Moth Patches, Freckles & Tan.

USE "PERRY'S MOTH & FRECKLE LOTION."

The only Reliable and Harmless Remedy known to Science for removing brown discoloration from the Face. Prepared only by Dr. F. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

FOR Comedones, Black-Heads, Flesh Worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions and Blotched disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone & Pimple Remedy. Reliable, Harmless, and contains no *Lead Poison*. Depot, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere. 4m15

LADIES DESIRE WHAT MEN ADMIRE.

And this little thing is Beauty. What do we say is beautiful? A transparent complexion and a luxuriant head of hair. What will produce these? Hagan's Magnolia Balm will make any lady of thirty appear but twenty; and Lyon's Kathairon will keep every hair in its place, and make it grow like the April grass. It will cure all hair from having grey, eradicate Dandruff, and is the finest Hair Dressing in the world, and at only half the ordinary cost. Ring-marks, Moth patches, ect., don't forget the Magnolia Balm, ladies. 4w21

THE LARGEST STRAWBERRY

In the world, is the "Dr. DeCaisne," as it is believed; the largest are 2½ inches in diameter, Plants hardy and prolific, fruit fine and very delicious. Imported two years ago; the first years raised sold at $1. each. I. C. Wellcome, Yarmouth, Me., raised fine berries from them last year, and has a few plants for sale, at the rate of $3. per dozen. Sent post-paid by mail. 1w22

"Buy Me, and I'll do you Good."

DR. LANGLEY'S ROOT AND HERB BITTERS is every instance proves this motto true. They do good to every one who uses them for Jaundice, Headache, Costiveness, Liver Complaints, Humors, Impure or red Blood, General Debility, and all Bilious Diseases. GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, and all druggists. 16w

☞ **Wild Cherry Balsam**—The memory of Dr. Wistar is embalmed in the hearts of thousands whom his *Balsam of Wild Cherry* has cured of coughs, colds, consumption, or some other form of Pulmonary disease. It is now over forty years since this preparation was brought before the public, and yet the demand for it is constantly increasing.

☞ PUT NOT YOUR TRUST in what others say; but try for yourself and see if *White Pine Compound* is not the article you need when troubled with a Cold, Cough, Weak Lungs, or Kidney Troubles.

☞ To make your hair grow thick, apply Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, the greatest discovery of the age.

Married.

In Belgrade, May 21, by Geo E Minot Esq., Fred E. Partridge, of Belgrade to Esther L. Charles, of Rome.

In Manchester, 24th inst., by Rev. A. H. Gould, Wm. B. Merrill, to Lizzie M Cummings, both of Manchester.

In Plymouth, May 1st, George W. P. Jerrard to Marcia E. Chick both of Plymouth.

In Concord, Me., 23d inst., Abner Ellis to Ella E. Washburn, both of Concord.

In Lincoln, Mar 17th by Rev. S. Beane, John F. Brown, of Carroll, to Diantha Deasch, of Lakeville Plantation.

Died.

In Roxbury, Mass., 24th inst., of congestion of the lungs, Mary C. Pike, youngest daughter of the late Daniel Pike, Esq., formerly of Augusta, aged 31 years.

In Belgrade, 27th inst., Ichabod Smith, aged 80 years.

In North Stratford, N. H., April 9th Sarah C. Bennett, wife of J. M. Baldwin, formerly of Turner Me.

In Mercer, 20th inst., James Willard, aged 60 years, 1 month and 16 days.

In Brunswick, 13th inst, Sarah Hodgdon, aged 71 years.

In Pittston, April 24th Abigail Jackson, aged 19 years, widow of the late Elijah Jackson. "A mother in Israel."

In Carmel, April 21st, Mary Dakin, aged 74 years 8 months.

In West Cornville, April 20th Cecil L., only son of widow Sarah Drew aged 15 years 4 months.

FURNITURE.

BLAKE & ALDEN,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS,

AT THE OLD STAND,

No. 59 Beattie Street,

BOSTON, MASS.

(Established 1820.)

We are offering to the public all our goods, at prices to conform to the times, and invite the attention of all who are in want of good furniture at low prices, to examine our stock, which is of the

LATEST AND NEWEST STYLES,

consisting of

Mahogany,
Black Walnut,
Chestnut,
Ash, and
Painted

CHAMBER SETS,

GRECIAN PARLOR SETS

In Plush, Terry, Brocatelle, &c.

together with a large assortment of furniture usually found in a first-class establishment.

SPRING BEDS, MATTRESSES and FEATHERS constantly on hand. 3m22

SMITH'S

AMERICAN ORGANS

FOR THE

Services of Chapels and Lodges, as well as for Home Recreation.

A THOROUGH COMPARISON INVITED.

Never to rest satisfied with mediocre success has been the motto of this house. And with every year's experience they expect not only to maintain their present position, but to produce instruments of greater and more varied power, thus anticipating the increasing demands of the most cultivated taste.

Instruments with Pedal-Bass and Double Manuals, for Organ Students.

Also a variety of

ELEGANT PARLOR INSTRUMENTS.

An Illustrated Circular, containing full descriptions and prices, will be sent post-paid, on application.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH, Boston, Mass. 3w22

A RARE OPPORTUNITY!

FARM FOR SALE,

At a Bargain.

THE Adams farm, so called, situated on the road between Farmington Centre and Farmington Falls, about three miles from the former and two from the latter. One of the best intervale farms on the river, beautifully located, under a high state of cultivation, buildings convenient and in excellent repair. It consists of two hundred acres, suitably divided into tillage, pasture and woodland; 65 acres of best intervals land, cuts 80 tons of hay. Living water at house and barn. Apply on the premises to FRANCIS ADAMS, Administrator. 3w22

RECEIVED THIS DAY!

35 Pieces of

BROAD CLOTH, BROWN, BLUE, BLACK and FANCY DOE SKINS and CASSIMERES,

which we are prepared to make up at short notice, or sell by the yard. RAWSON & STAHL.

Waldoboro, May 5th, 1870. 1t22

THE WILLIAMSON WHIFFLETREES.

For Double Teams.

THE CHEAPEST, SIMPLEST AND best, weighs only about half as much as the ordinary rigging. Horses cannot get over the traces. It never hurts sore shoulders that work on this whiffletree. For sale only by

WHITTEMORE, BELCHER & CO.,
34 Merchant's Row, Boston.

Sole Agents for New England. 4w22

"MAINE BLACK HAWK."

This well known Stallion, whose colts are unsurpassed, will be kept for service at my stable in Dixmont the coming season. TERMS, the same as last year. "Maine Black Hawk," was sired by "Black Hawk Telegraph," he by Hill's Vermont Black Hawk." W. B. FERGUSON.

April 25th, 1870. 4w22

FRUIT TREES AND PLANTS.

At the GARDINER NURSERIES, may be purchased at reduced prices, Apple and Pear Trees, also Strawberry, Raspberry, and Linnæus Rhubarb plants. The Pear trees are of choice varieties and good growth; Apple trees, both seedlings and grafted: some very large that will be sold at low rates. NATHAN HOSTER. 3w22

BULL FOR SALE.

A full blood Jersey Bull, 4 years old this spring, very kind and of superior Stock.

Dresdon Mills, May 2d, 1870. JOSHUA BLEN. 3w22

IMPROVE YOUR STOCK,

I shall keep for service upon the Poor Farm in Vassalboro this season, a thoroughbred Durham Bull, from the herd of Warren Percival. Terms $4.00 by the season. H. B. WYMAN.

Vassalboro, May 3d, 1870. 3t22

FREE Splendid Weekly Paper; Best Stories, Poems, Agriculture, &c. Latest News. Always Spicy—Never Dull! Try it! Samples Free. GAZETTE, Hallowell, Me.

STATE PENSIONS.

THE COMMITTEE ON STATE PENSIONS for Augusta will be in session at the Alderman's Room, at 2 o'clock P. M. on Wednesday, May 4th, and at the same hour on every succeeding Wednesday during the month. PER ORDER. 3w22

$100 to $250 *per Month guaranteed. Sure pay.* Wages paid weekly to Agents everywhere, selling our *Patent Silver Mould White Wire Clothes Lines.* Business permanent. For full particulars, address GIRARD WIRE MILLS, Philadelphia, Pa. 8teop'22

E. FRANK COE'S

SUPERPHOSPHATE OF LIME, or BONE MANURE. For sale by COBURN & FAUGHT. 4w22

PUGE CHUM,

OR FISH GUANO,

a prime fertilizer. For sale by COBURN & FAUGHT. 4w22

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April,* 1870.

RHODA A. MORSE widow of Comfort T. Morse, late of Waterville, said County, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 2t*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April,* 1870.

PHEBE B. BRAGG, widow of Harris Bragg late of Vassalborough, in said County, deceased, having presented her application for Commissioners to be appointed to assign her dower in the real estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 2t*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April* 1870

RHODA A. MORSE, administratrix on the estate of Comfort T. Morse late of Waterville, in said County, deceased, having petitioned for license to sell the following real estate of said deceased, for payment of debts, &c., viz: The farm known as the Dearborn farm, situated in said Waterville:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 2t*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April* 1870.

PAUL WING, Executor of the last will and testament of Timothy Woodward late of Sidney, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the Estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 2t*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April* 1870.

AUGUSTUS T. BOWMAN, Trustee under the last will and testament of Elias W. Bowman, late of Sidney in said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 2t*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April,* 1870.

LEONIDAS PETTINGILL, Administrator on the Estate of Joseph Pettingill, late of Monmouth in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 2t*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April,* 1870.

DEAN SWIFT, Administrator on the estate of Enoch Swift, late of Sidney, in said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the Estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 2t*

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscribers have been duly appointed Administrators on the estate of

ROBERT H. METCALF, late of Winthrop,

in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and have undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

GEORGE B. METCALF.
JOSEPH M. METCALF.

April 26, 1870. 3w*

LOAN of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Co.

The advantages and attractions of this LOAN, for investment purposes, are many and important:

1st. It is based upon one of the Great THROUGH LINES BETWEEN THE SEABOARD AND THE WEST.

2d. THE SECURITY IS ALREADY CREATED, the greater part of the line being in successful running operation.

3d. The Local Traffic, from the *unrivalled agricultural regions and Iron and Coal deposits* adjacent, must be large and profitable.

4th. The enterprise receives IMPORTANT CONCESSIONS AND PRIVILEGES from the States of Virginia and West Virginia.

5th. It is under the management of efficient and WELL-KNOWN CAPITALISTS, whose names are guarantees for its EARLY COMPLETION and successful operation.

6th. The Bonds can be had either in

COUPON OR REGISTERED

form; they have thirty years to run, both principal and interest being payable in gold.

7th. They are of denominations of

$1000, $500 and $100,

bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. in coin, payable May 1st and November 1st.

From our intimate acquaintance with the affairs and condition of the Company, we *know these securities to be peculiarly desirable, and suitable for safe employment of surplus Capital, and funding of Government Bonds*, by Investors, Trustees of Estates, and others who prefer absolute security with reasonable income.

Holders of United States Five-Twenties are enabled to procure *these Bonds, bearing the same rate of interest and having a longer period to run*, and to realize a large increase of capital in addition.

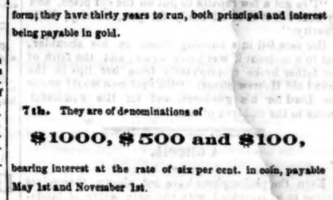
Bonds and Stocks dealt in at the Stock exchange, received in exchange for this Loan, at the full market value, and the Bonds returned free of express charges.

PRICE 90 AND ACCRUED INTEREST IN CURRENCY.

Pamphlets, Maps, and full information furnished on application.

FISK & HATCH,

5 *NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.* 6w22



This well-known remedy does not dry up a Cough, and leave the cause behind, as in the case with most preparations; but it loosens and cleanses the lungs, and allays irritation, the cause of the complaint. SETH W. FOWLE & SON, Proprietors, Boston. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicines generally.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

TEACHERS WANTED.

To obtain practical, energetic Teachers, the Superintending School Committee of ALBION will pay the highest wages commensurate with their resources and the necessities of the several schools. The Committee will convene at the schoolhouse at Albion Corner, on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, the 4th and 21st of May next, to examine teachers for the ensuing summer term. All interested are invited to attend the examination.

W. L. PALMER,
LLEWELLYN LIBBY,
DENNIS MUDGETT,
} S. S. Com. of Albion.

Albion, April 25th, 1870. 3w21*

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

The Superintending School Committee of Vassalboro', will attend to the examination of Teachers on SATURDAY, April 23d, and the two succeeding Saturdays, at two o'clock P. M., at the East Vassalboro' School house.

GREENLIEF LOW,
C. B. CATES,
T. B. NICHOLS,
} Superintending School Committee of Vassalboro.'

Vassalboro', April 18, 1870. 3w20

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

The Superintending School Committee of the town of Clinton, will be in session at the Town House on SATURDAY, May 14th, at 9 o'clock, A. M., to examine and engage Teachers to teach in said town the coming Summer.

N. W. RAND,
G. W. PARKMAN,
D. C. PERKINS,
} Committee.

Clinton, April 18, 1870. 3w20*

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

The Superintending School Committee of Sidney, will be in session for the examination and employment of teachers, who are to teach in Town this next summer, at the Selectmen's Room in the Town House, in Sidney SATURDAY May 7th, at 9 o'clock A. M., and also May 14th, at the same place and hour. Teachers, Agents, and others interested in our schools are invited to be present.

J. S. CUSHING,
AMBROS SAWTELLE
CYRUS W. GILMAN,
} Superintending School Committee of Sidney.

Sidney, April 14th 1870. 3w20

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

The Superintending School Committee of Augusta will be in Session at the Council Chamber, Granite Building, on Wednesday, the 29th day of April, at 2 o'clock, P. M., and on each succeeding Wednesday for four weeks, for the purpose of examining Teachers for the Summer Schools. District Agents and others interested are invited to be present.

SAMUEL UPJOHN,
C. F PENNEY,
} S. S Committee of Augusta.

Augusta, April 11, 1870 4w19

$2000 A YEAR AND EXPENSES

To Agents to sell the celebrated WILSON SEWING MACHINES. The best machine in the world. *Stitch alike on both sides.* One Machine Without Money. For further particulars address

THE WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.,
No. 866 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

1y42

MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE.

The SUMMER TERM of this institution will commence May 12th, and continue 10 weeks. For particulars address

G. B. FILES, A. M., Principal.

8w21

NOTICE.

The Street Commissioner for the West Side, may be found during business hours, at the store of PARKER & PERCIVAL, South end of Water street. L. GRIFFITH.

Augusta, April 18, 1870. 3w20*

PURE-BRED CHESTER-WHITE PIGS, Sheep, Poultry, Rabbits, &c., bred and shipped by J. W. & M. Irwin, Penningtonville, Chester County Pa. We also furnish eggs for hatching. Send for illustrated circular. 1m19

WANTED,

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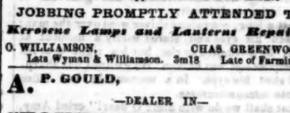

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Poetry.

MY TRIUMPH.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The autumn-time has come;
On woods that dream of bloom,
And over purpling vines,
The low sun shines.

The winter flower is falling,
The hazel's gold is pallid;
Yet overhead more bear
The eternal stars appear!

And present gratitude
Insures the future good,
And for the things I see
I trust the things to be:

That in the paths untrod,
And the long days of God,
My feet shall still be led,
My heart be comforted.

O living friends who love me!
O dear ones gone above me!
Careless of other fame,
I leave to you my name.

Hide it from idle praise,
Keep it from evil phrases;
Why, when dear lips that spake it
Are dumb, should strangers wake it?

Let the thick curtain fall;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.

Not by the page word-painted
Let life be banned or sainted;
Deeper than written scroll
The colors of the soul.

Sweeter than any song
We songs that sound no tongue;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

O hers shall sing the song,
O hers shall right the wrong,—
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

What matter, I or they?
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made?

Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I wash and share
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be,—
Pure, generous, brave and free.

A dream of man and woman
Diviner but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the Age of Gold.

The love of God and neighbor,
An equal-handed labor,
The richer life, where beauty
Walks hand in hand with duty.

Ring, bells in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound, trumpets far off blown,
Your triumph is my own!

Parcel and part of all,
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory.

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My free-hold of thanksgiving.

Atlantic Monthly for April.

Our Story-Teller.

THE OLD BROOK FARM.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

She sat in the south room, before her small spinning wheel; for the time of which I write was in the opening of the nineteenth century, and the esthetic element occupied a comparatively inconspicuous position in the education of the daughters of Puritan men and women. Pianos had not supplanted the accomplishment of pudding-making, and crinoline did not stand in the way of cheese-pressing and churning. It was a large, cool room, and its two side windows looked out on a pleasant reach of pasture land, and beyond them to a grove of pines, reeking to and fro to the slow, soft music of the winds; and still beyond these to the sea, stretching far away and joining the horizon, blue and bright and tranquil as though no tempest had ever walked over its face in the darkness, anguish and wrath. You would hear from those south windows the soft, playful splash of the waves on the sands, which mingled pleasantly with the wind in the pines, and the robin's song in the rambling old apple-tree, whose every bough was fluted and spangled with blossoms; for it was in the last days of May—the earth had put on her garments of praise.

So Charity Ames sat there with the sweet Spring winds and the pleasant sunshine slipping through the south windows, with snatches of low psalm tunes fluttering out of her lips, and faltering back and forth in the air; a picture to gladden the eyes of any man, in her homespun plaid, with the small white ruffle running about her neck, and her sleeves tucked up a little above the wrist, with just the daintiest intimation of her round, plump arms.

She was not beautiful, Charity Ames, but she was a little, dainty, plump girl-woman, with soft, full outlines, and cheeks where roses forever were going in and out, and the blue eyes with a dimple of sunshine in them.

She was the daughter of a New England farmer; a man whose sole earthly possession was his little yellow-brown cottage and the few acres of ground around it. His health had been broken many years before in the wars, for he had served in almost every important engagement. He was a staunch patriot; a deacon in the stone meeting-house, an honest, conscientious, God-fearing man. Of his family only three remained—Charity and her young brothers; for his wife and his four other children, he humbly trusted were in heaven.

Charity was the light of her father's eyes; she was like a Spring bird in that little brown home nest; always full of smiles and snatches of song, and pretty, graceful household ways; for the whole domestic charge had fallen on her since her mother's death, six years before. Charity was twenty-two. Of course, she had not blossomed into all these years without having her share of admirers, and at singing-schools, and quiltings, and apple bees, that bright, sweet, vivid face flashed in and out among the rustic beaux and maidens; but the fragrance and beauty of its life was still kept to gladden the old yellow-brown house on the Woodford Turnpike.

But that afternoon, while the snatches of old church airs and the drone of the spinning-wheel were woven into each other like a bright woof and a gray warp, there went on in the breast of Charity Ames a good deal of serious debolition, somewhat after this fashion.

"It isn't an offer to be snuffed at, now. And to think I might really be Squire Hemingway's lady, and live in the great white house on the hill, with all those elegant pets and mahogany furniture! Then I'd have a carriage to ride, and be so grand. And, what is more than all the rest, father is growing old and giving out all the time, and I could be such a comfort and help to him. And send Joseph to school; for that boy was cut out for a parson or a lawyer, or something more'n common folks; and I'd contrive some way to pay up the mortgage on the land without hurting father's feelings, and set his mind at ease, now he's failing into his seventies. The Squire's almost fifty, it is true, but he's a handsome man, though his hair's got a good deal gray; and he has a little pompous way, but I s'pose it is natural. Mrs. Squire Hemingway! That sounds well. And how everybody would open their eyes. But dear me!"

Something strong and stout and deep, lay beyond that "dear me!" for it crept out of the girl's lips with a deep sigh, and the roses hurried into her cheeks, and a sudden impetus seized the wheel, and the small feet did double duty on the treadle.

Just at that moment the small, brown wicket opened, and a pair of feet came softly through the thick grass, and round by the side of the house; so softly that Charity Ames did not hear them, until she looked up suddenly and saw a somewhat slender figure and a fine, honest, sun-bronzed face standing in the door.

"Good afternoon, Miss Charity." The tones are clear, brave, pleasant; somehow they suited the face.

The girl's head bridled a little. She had one of those hens that are never still, that are always restlessly swaying and fluttering about like leaves in sleepy winds.

"Good afternoon; won't you walk in, Mr. Taylor?" The voice was soft and steady enough, and so was Charity's face, for she was much engrossed just then in tying a "head" of flax to the distaff, with fingers not quite so steady as the voice and face.

"Thank you; I can't stay to sit down," answered the young man, as he crossed the door; "but Miss Parsons wanted me to step in, on my way to the mill, and see if you'd have her cheese ready this week."

"O yes! I shall take it out of the press to-morrow."

The errand was accomplished, but somehow the young man lingered, and finally walked to the window a little awkwardly and broke one of the lilac boughs from the tree, though the small pink blossoms had scarcely begun to turn out.

"What a pleasant view you have from this south window," looking out to the grove of pines and off to the sea.

"Yes; I always bring my spinning here in the pleasant days."

This time the girl looked and smiled—a smile that would have done the heart of any man good, but that did more than this to Reuben Taylor, who would have laid down his life for Charity Ames.

He drew a little nearer the girl. "The singing school is goin' to have a sail down to Rocky Beach, as soon as the moon gets large enough, which will happen by the last of next week; I should like to engage your company if it's agreeable." The speaker caught his breath a little at these last words but he got bravely through them, after all.

The spinning-wheel suddenly paused in its revolutions. Charity tapped the board meditatively with her foot. "I am much obliged to you, Mr. Taylor, and if I can be spared—"

She looked so sweet, gazing out with a lady-like self-possession at the distant sea, as composed as the sun on the carpet, though there were quick flutterings and stirrings in the heart under the plaid dress—she looked so sweet that the bashful soul of Reuben Taylor was stirred within him, and before he knew it he had laid his hands on her shoulder, and broken out into an entreaty. "Oh come, now, Charity, do say you'll go!" The words were not much, but the tones were.

The roses hurried into the girl's cheeks now, and she made a half coquettish movement backward; but the answer came pretty readily—"Well, I'll go if I can, Mr. Taylor."

The young man's deep brown eyes flashed with pleasure. "Thank you, Charity. Truly I wish you'd call me Reuben, as you used to when we went to the old, red school-house on the green."

"Well, we've grown older since then, you know"—making tacitible investigation of her flax.

"Yes, I know; but somehow you'll never seem anything to me but little Charity Ames."

There was no mistaking the quiver in the voice now, no mistaking the blush in Charity's face either, but it fell back in a moment, an arch light supplanted it, leaping up from lips into her eyes, and she looked up with that little jingling laugh of hers.

"And you will never seem to me anything but just the provoking, tormenting little rascal you used to be, Reuben Taylor!"

The young man laughed heartily at this very uncertain compliment, and, after chatting a few moments more in the same strain, he put on his straw hat, bade Charity "Good afternoon," and got as far as the door, when he turned quickly back, with a face struck into sudden seriousness: "Charity, it is not true that you are going to marry Squire Hemingway, as the neighbors say?"

Poor Charity! the hot flushes came and went in her cheeks. She opened her lips to speak, but something rose up in her throat and beat the words back, and at last she broke down in a sob. "I shouldn't think you'd come here to insult me, Reuben Taylor."

The young farmer was distressed beyond measure, especially as Charity buried her face in her little brown, dimpled hands, and continued to sob as though her feelings were agrieved beyond measure. Reuben leaned over the girl, and laid his hand on the smooth, shining brown hair.

"Charity won't you forgive me for asking that question? You know why I did it."

"No, I don't I'm sure"—sobbing and keeping her face in her hands.

"Look up then, and see." There was something in the tones that would be likely to secure compliance.

Charity Ames did lift up her flushed tear-stained face, and Reuben took her hand in his, and she looking straight into her eyes, but with the muscles working about his mouth, "I asked you Charity Ames, because I loved you better than my own life, and because my happiness for all time was bound up in your answer."

There was a mixture of tenderness and manly dignity in the young man's manner at this moment which no person could have been insensible to; his face was very pale with the struggle which it cost his brave heart to make this confession, but every feature was struck through with a light that made it beautiful. Charity's eyes did not drop until he concluded; there was something in that face which magnetized her gaze to it.

"O, Reuben!" The voice and the gaze fell together, but there was that in both which Reuben Taylor understood.

He bent down by her, for she was crying now very softly. "I never meant to tell you this, Charity—though I've carried the knowledge in my heart for half a dozen years—until I had a home to offer which should be worthy of you. But the truth has got out now, and there is no taking it back. It seems wrong to ask you to wait so long; but you know how it is—there is mother and Amy that I have got to look out for, and it's slow work pulling up hill; but the thought of you'll make my heart brave and my hands strong, and p'raps God, I'll have a nest warmly lined for my singing bird yet. Will you wait, Charity, little Charity?"

There was much tenderness flickering in and out of her name—it had never sounded half so sweet to her before; and the woman's heart leaped out, and engulfed in one mighty wave all the girl's timidity, and coquetry, and pride.

You should have seen her face then; it looked to Reuben like the face of an angel, with the tears held in check in the blue eyes and the light sifting through them as it lifts through vapors at sunrise. So they sat together in their first dream of love, and talked hopefully of the future—Reuben Taylor and Charity Ames. And the soft wind rumpled and tossed the apple blossoms, and sighed and quivered among the pines, and the slow sound of the waves on the beach came in through the south windows which looked out on the sea.

At last there was a little click on the back gate latch, and Charity gathered away her hands quickly from Reuben's and the color deepened in her cheeks.

"O, Reuben! that's Joe comin' from school."

And this remark aroused the young farmer to the consciousness that it wanted but two hours of sundown, and the mill was three miles off, and if he got the three bags of corn ground that day which were now lying at the bottom of the old farm cart, it wouldn't do to let "the grass grow under his horses' feet."

Charity stood at the window and watched her lover as he went down to the gate, and oh, how small to the heart of the true, loving woman, looked Squire Hemingway's great house on the hill, with its handsome carpets and its rich, and old fashioned furniture and the fiery black ponies!

Reuben Taylor and she had been playmates from their early childhood, for their families were neighbors. The first morning she went to school she had been placed under Reuben's especial charge, and from that time the boy seemed to feel that "Little Charity Ames" had large claims upon his good offices. He brought her the first ripe berries in Summer, and the earliest nuts in Autumn; he carried her over the hill to school in Winter on his sled; and so their lives grew and blossomed into youth and maidenhood in the quiet little village which sat between the little hills and the sea.

Then a terrible blow fell upon the house of Reuben Taylor. A neighbor of his father's, a hard, griping man, rich in the flocks and pastures, discovered a flaw in the title-deed which had given the old "Brook property" to the Taylors for three-quarters of a century. Farmer Taylor was a plain, honest, industrious man, though by no means an acute business man, and this late discovery of a flaw in the title deed of the old homestead, which had been his father's and his father's father's before him, fell with crushing force on his spirits.

The matter was sharply contested in law. Public sympathy was, of course, entirely with the Taylors, but that did not help the decision being rendered against them. The excitement and suffering which he had undergone threw Farmer Taylor into a fever, from which he never recovered. Reuben was at the time but sixteen years of age, a bright, intelligent, industrious boy. His mother was a shrinking, fragile woman; and Amy, his sister, was not yet in her tenth year. The family were obliged to leave the old homestead, which almost broke Mrs. Taylor's heart. She held in her own right a few acres of wood and pasture land; and this, with the help of Reuben, was all the doubly stricken family had to depend upon for their subsistence. But the boy was brave and energetic, and there were many disposed for his father's sake, to employ him. And as he grew older the pasture lands were converted into thriving wheat fields, and Reuben commenced farming on a small scale for himself.

But it was hard, slow work, though the face of Charity Ames, now blossomed into womanhood, extending afar on the mountains of his future, seemed to lend new strength to his energies—new courage to heart. But Reuben kept his secret as a girl would hers, and occasionally waited on Charity home from meeting or singing-school. He never by word or look signified to the girl of his love that lay so deep and tender in his heart; but Charity was a woman, and guessed it.

"Oh, I am so glad, Reuben! You must go right off with me."

"Go where, Pussy?" And he caught the child in his arms as she sprang towards him. She was a pretty creature, Amy Taylor, just in her twelfth summer, with brown hair, with a flecker of gold in it, and eyes like Reuben's, and cheeks and lips like clover blossoms.

"Oh, just over to the store! Mr. Mathews said he should get back from town before sundown, and he'd bring the new calico mother's got for me."

"Wait until after tea. I've been pullin' stumps all day.

"Oh, I can't Reuben!" shaking her head around, so that the touch of gold struck out vividly; besides it will be too late to see the dress to-night, for Mr. Mathews shuts up at dark,"

"I'm afraid daughter, that supper will grow cold afore you can go there and back," interposed the the voice of Mrs. Taylor, as she broke several freshly laid eggs into the spider.

"No, it won't, mother! Dobbin can go fast and get back in half an hour."

Amy ran up to her mother, and wound her arms about her neck in a way that was irresistible. It was quite evident that she was a spoiled child.

"Get your bonnet in a hurry then!" exclaimed Reuben, as he took down his coat from the peg on which it was hanging. "I reckon you wouldn't feel quite so set on a ride if you'd been pullin' stumps and buildin' stone fence to-day."

"Don't go with her, Reuben," said Mrs. Taylor, in undertone. She was a pale-faced, sorrowful-voiced woman.

"Well, I shan't have a moment's peace until bed time," rejoined the indulgent brother. And the next moment Amy was at his side.

"I'm all ready, Reuben."

The young man pinched her dimpled chin, pronounced her the torment of his life, and they set out together.

They had gone about a mile in the rumbling old vehicle, which had to perform the threefold duty of carriage, wagon and cart, when the horse suddenly rushed wildly past them. Every muscle of the noble animal was instinct with terror; his nostrils were dilated; and, with his long, brown mane caught and tangled in the wind as he swept by, he presented that half-thrilling, half appalling spectacle which a thoroughly frightened horse always does.

"Oh my Reuben!" exclaimed Amy, drawing a long breath. "Wasn't that kinder grand, though?"

Reuben shook his head. "I'm afraid he's done some mischief. He's broken away from a carriage; and them shafts must bruise his legs afore long, so he'll come to his senses."

About a mile further down the road, they came upon a carriage overturned and broken, near a large pile of stone, over which the frightened animal had evidently attempted to leap, and shattered the vehicle. And close by this lay a man with his face to the earth, and the life apparently struck out of him.

"Is he dead? Oh, is he dead?" Amy whispered the question with white lips.

"I don't know, little sister." Reuben was quietly disconcerting. His hat these strong, steady nerves which are so invaluable in case of any sudden catastrophe.

The young farmer went up to the prostrate man, and lifted his head. Amy saw his face suddenly grow white as the dead, and his hands shake as leaves do when sudden gales ride through the trees.

"God in heaven, have mercy upon us!" ejaculated Reuben Taylor. And he did not say these words lightly, but humbly and reverently, as a Christian should; for in the face of that prostrate man he saw him who had laid his father's head, in the prime of his years, under the grass—the man who had broken his mother's heart, and driven the widow and the orphan from home, and filled his own youth with toil, and patient longing and waiting.

"Who is it, Reuben?" cried Amy.

"It's Abel Ross"

A little cry went out of Amy's lips, for that name had been a source of terror and grief to her ever since her earliest remembrance.

And looking on the prostrate man, there came, for a moment, over the soul of Reuben Taylor a feeling of intense unutterable loathing, mingled with something of triumph, that his old enemy at last lay at his feet. And then through the feeling crept the solemn words of the prayer which his mother taught him before he could remember—"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

"Amy, there is a tin pail in the cart, run to the spring, quick, and fill it with water." And the farmer lifted the unconscious man's head and laid it on his knee, and stroked away the iron gray locks from his face tenderly as his own mother could have done it.

Amy was frightened into unquestioning obedience. Her brother bathed the white, rugged features, and she stood still, looking on with long shivering sighs—all the brightness and vividness had gone out of her face in its stark terror.

At last a long, convulsive shiver went over the man; he opened his eyes and stared wildly a moment at Reuben; he attempted to rise, but his right arm fell down helpless—it was broken. He groaned out sharply, and shut his eyes. In a moment he had fallen back into unconsciousness.

"What shall we do with him? O dear!" cried Amy, wringing her hands.

Reuben meditated a moment. They were on a lonely, unfrequented road; there was not a house in sight. "We will carry him home," said the young farmer, decidedly.

"Oh, Reuben, what will mother say?" ejaculated Amy, for she could not get over her old, childish associations with the name of Abel Ross, or her terror least some evil should befall them when brought in contact with its owner.

"Mother will say just right," answered Reuben, simply. And he lifted the wounded man into the cart, and held his head on his knee, and chafed his temples with cold water; while Amy took the reins in her shaking hands, and drove slowly towards home. Once during the slow drive the man opened his eyes with a convulsive start.

"Are you in much pain, sir?" asked Reuben.

"Yes, in my shoulder," and he writhed and groaned fearfully; and then suddenly fastened his eyes on Reuben. "What is your name?" he muttered.

"Reuben Taylor." The young man had the name and the face of his father.

There was another groan and a movement as though the sufferer would have writhed himself away; but he fainted again.

At last they drew up before the little yellow story and a half house.

"Amy," said her brother, "go in and tell mother who is here; but you're a sensible little girl when you've a mind to be; tell her in a quiet sort of a way"

Amy understood and executed her work very well, considering her agitation, in a moment Mrs. Taylor presented herself at the door, with a face that seemed death-struck, it was so white and strained.

"O, Reuben!" she gasped.

He answerd her with a look—"I must bring him right into the house, mother, and lay him on your bed. Then I must run for a doctor, for I fear his life's nearly gone out of him."

They carried the sufferer into Mrs. Taylor's little bedroom. The window was curtained all Summer with a trumpet vine, through which the sunshine filtered down on the striped carpet, or wound its golden thread among the thick shadows. So they laid the sick man under the low roof to which he had driven the widow and the orphans; and then Reuben started off for a physician, and despatched a messenger to inform Farmer Rose's family of what had transpired.

He had three sons, but the oldest was not twenty, and their mother had died several years before. They all hurried over, with the "hired men," in great alarm, when they heard the tidings; the physician, however, preceded them, and he pronounced Farmer Ross to be in a most critical situation, and that he would not answer for his life if he was removed to his home, that being distant nearly six miles.

It was evident that he had sustained serious internal injuries, for the large, stalwart frame would quiver every time it was moved, and the great beads of perspiration gathered on the rugged brow. The broken arm, too, was much inflamed, and required constant care. Mrs. Taylor had that most valuable gift in woman—"skillful hand;" and though one of the "hired women" from Rose Farm was sent over to take charge of the invalid, her ignorance and awkwardness gave him so much pain that she was glad to relinquish her task to the gentle soothing fingers of Mrs. Taylor.

It was two weeks before the physician gave his consent for the removal of Farmer Ross. What passed through his mind during this time was never known. He was naturally a reticent man, and then he was brought so near to the grave that he could almost feel the cool waving of the banner of the King of Death over his temples. Much of the time he lay in a heavy stupor, but there were moments when the dark eyes and those shaggy eyebrows would follow Mrs. Taylor with a look of conscious intelligence around the room, and it seemed to her there was something more in them—something of regret and pain. Several times, too, he muttered the name of "Reuben Taylor," in his drowsiness, uneasily, and he would groan out when Reuben entered the room, and close his eyes.

At last, however, he seemed eagerly desirous to return home, and the physician gave his consent, though the recovery of his patient was still doubtful. He conversed but little, except on the subject of returning home; but on the morning that he was to be removed, he summoned his hostess to his bedside and said to her: "Mrs. Taylor, I know all that you and your son have done for me; and whether I live or die I shall not forget it." That was all he said, all the thanks they received, saving from the farmer's oldest son.

A month had gone by, it was just in the opening of July; one of those vivid, affluent, tropical days that hung like rubies in the thread of the year. Reuben Taylor came in at noon from cutting hay, wiping the thick perspiration from his bronzed forehead.

"Who do you think has sent for you to come right over there, after dinner?" asked Mrs Taylor.

"I can't tell, I'm sure"—throwing himself down on a chair by the window. "It's too hot to go anywhere afore night."

"Abel Ross has sent for you Reuben. The hired man says he's able to sit up two or three hours every day, and the doctor says he's out of danger, though he'll never be the man he was afore his fall."

"I'd calculated on getting through with the south field this afternoon," said Reuben, irresolutely.

"Hadn't you better let it lay over, my dear boy?" timidly interposed Mrs. Taylor, as she placed a platter of young corn on the dinner table.

The young man pondered a while and at last audibly concluded,—"Well, I reckon I may as well risk it."

Farmer Ross sat by the window of his great, white farm-house, so that the sluggish wind from the sea, which cooled a little the hot air of the afternoon, could wave to and fro through his iron gray locks. The strong, muscular frame had fallen away greatly, and the deep rings around the eyes told their own story of long, slow, physical suffering.

The farmer nodded to Reuben as he entered, and motioned him to a chair; he had always been a man of deeds rather than words; and those, hard, selfish, grinding, cruel deeds, to many who were in his power.

"Reuben Taylor," said Farmer Ross, looking with his deep set eyes full in the young man's face, "do you know that you saved my life the other day?"

"I think I do sir," answered Reuben, in his straightforward, outspoken way.

"And do you know that I probably laid your father in his grave?" And this time a swarthy color crept slowly up into the ghastly cheeks of the old man.

"I believe you did, sir." No wonder that Reuben's voice faltered a little now, as the memory of his father dashed over him.

Farmer Ross winced under the words a moment, as though they pained him; and there was no sound in the room save a little rill of melody which the Summer wind made as it came in through the windows. At last Farmer Ross spoke again, taking a folded sheet of paper from the table beside him.

"Well, Reuben Taylor, I've thought this all over in my sickness; and it's laid very heavy on my conscience o' nights to think that I'd been the means o' killing the father, and the son had saved my life. So I resolved to make you and yours all the reparation in my power; and there's the deed to the old 'Brook Farm,' without a flaw or mortgage."

"Sir—Sir!" muttered Reuben, rubbing his hand across his eyes, and staring at the old man, for he must be dreaming.

"There it is, safe and sound, and nobody'll be smart enough to get it from ye, or yer heirs, this time, I reckon!"

Then the truth dazzled and broke into Reuben's heart. He thought of his old child-house, with its low, pleasant, dear old rooms; of the great garden at the back, with its plum-trees and currant bushes; he thought of his mother at her favorite seat by the south window, just over which the white doves cooed all Summer; he thought of Amy's brown head, with the flicker of gold in it, flashing in and out of the old rooms; and he thought of another sweet face, dearer than all others, flitting from room to room, the blue eyes full of smiles, and the small lips full of snatches of old tunes—the face that would make the joy, and crown, and sanctity of his home. He thought of all this, and it was too much—he bowed his head on his hands and burst into tears.

"Reuben,"—the voice of farmer Ross certainly had a quiver of feeling in it, and the hard, serious hand was laid tremulously on the youth's thick hair—"are you sorry to get the old place back?"

"Sorry!" he was answered when Reuben lifted up his face. "Oh Farmer Ross, how can I thank you?"

"You need not try. It's only makin' amends, you know, for, though the law was on my side, the Lord's shown us that I never had any right to the old Brook Farm; and I hope you'll forgive me for takin' it from you."

And Reuben Taylor took the old farmer's hand, and answered solemnly, "The Lord God is my witness that I do from this hour."

It was an evening full of the glory of stars and the crystal lustre of moonlight. The full, clear, silver light lay in the river and lakes, over the meadows, and sheathed the limbs of the orchard trees, and slept in long, glittering spears on the low roof of the yellow-brown cottage. Charity Ames sat under the small porch on the low sill of the front door, and her sweet face looked out sadly on the night.

No wonder her heart was somewhat heavy as her thoughts slipped their cable and went out sadly to the future. She thought of her father, who had complained that very afternoon that the crops "didn't promise over smart this year, and he didn't see his way clear to pay a dollar on the mortgage." She thought how old age was beginning to creep more heavily upon him, and deepening the cares and burdens which only his strong manhood could bear. She thought, too, of the "years of patient waiting" which would elapse before the lover of her youth could take her to his heart and home; and the tears came up softly into her throat and eyes as she sat in the moonlight on the low sill, that summer evening. A quick step came along the grass "Charity, little Charity!" exclaimed a voice which always made her heart leap. She sprang up, but not before he had seen the tears she thought she had hidden.

"I've got good news for you, Charity! glorious news!" The triumphant ring of the voice cut through the still night air.

"What is it Reuben?"

"I've got back old Brook Farm!"

"Oh, Reuben, I must be dreaming!" And she put her hands to her eyes just as he had done that afternoon.

He slipped his arm around her waist. "No, it's true, every word of it, Charity. I've got the deed safe at home. I'll tell you all about it." And he seated her back on the door sill, and knelt by her side and related the story of his interview with Farmer Ross to the bewildered, delighted girl. "I actually thought she was going raving mad. She cried one minute, and laughed the next, and tossed her arms round, and it was a long time afore I could get her anything like quiet."

"Oh, Reuben, I am so glad!"

Her joyful tears said the rest.

"I've got a few repairs to put on the old place, and by next fall it'll be all ready for you, Charity, little Charity."

Her face fell in a burning blush on his shoulder, but in a moment it was lifted again, and the faith of her father broke triumphantly from her lips in the grand old Hebrew chant: "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"

Conceit.

Even the philosophers have not shown themselves averse to be sprinkled with the holy water of laudation. Socrates soberly told his judge that they should award him a pension instead of condemning him; and Epicurus assured his correspondent that if he desired glory it was secured to him by the fact that Epicurus had thought him worthy to be written to.

Alcibiades let all the world know that the one purpose of his life, whether he headed a conspiracy, or plundered a city, or cut a dog's tail off, was to make a noise and give the Athenians something to talk about. Aristophanes, more frank even than Cicero, made of the *parabases* of his comedies vehicles for the most extravagant self-praise, really claiming for each successive play not only that it was the best he had written, but that it was also the best of its class, and not to be equaled by any other effort of human wit.

The anecdote has often been told of how Canonical Woolsey exasperated his sovereign by writing, "Ego et *meus rex*." The grammatical excuse is insufficient to conceal the essential arrogance of the address. There is almost a parallel case in the history of Cotton Mather, the American Prynne, who certainly believed of himself all that he claimed for himself. Some heedless persons once passed the old parson without seeming to be conscious of his distinguished presence. "Lord," said Mather, "I pray thee help that man to *take a due notice of Christ!*"

Watson, the famous Bishop of Landaff, declared that each book he had written was the very best work upon that subject. "When I am dead you will not meet another John Hunter," said the great surgeon. "One God, one Farinelli!" was the brief but emphatic creed of that wonderful musician. Montaigne has been abused for the way in which he continually prates about himself, but the same *grande fadaise* of the garrulous old essayist which so provoked the scorn of Scaliger has won, as it deserved, the loud encomiums of posterity. Montaigne's egotism, however, was of a very genial and healthy kind, passive and humorous, quaint and contemplative.

Baron, styled the French Garrick, contended "the world might once a century see a Cæsar, but it takes a thousand years to produce a Baron!" But this vanity is perhaps excelled by the self-absorption of Wordsworth, who, when informed that the next Waverly novel was to have Rob Roy for its hero, took down a volume of his verse, read his own famous lines to Rob Roy, and calmly said: "I do not see what more Mr Scott can have to say on the subject!"

Benvenuto Cellini, whose egotism had that charming *naiveté* which was so delightful in the ancients, has filled his autobiography with certificates to his ardor as a lover, his prowess as man, and his excellence as an artist, establishing the fact that he repeatedly received supernatural encouragement, was persecuted by the demons, and glorified by a light from on high that hung resplendent above his shadow.

Buffon, great as he was in fact, was greater still in his own conceit. "There are only five great geniuses in modern times," he exclaimed. "Newton, Leibnitz, Bacon, Montesquieu and myself." Richardson, the novelist, was perhaps as fond of flattery as any man that ever lived, and as great in his own opinion. He surrounded himself with a circle of female admirers, who were never weary of listening to him nor chanting his praise; and Johnson said "his desire of praise was so great that he used to give large vails to Speaker Onslow's servants that they might treat him with proper respect." Burns, after he had dined with Glencairn, confessed himself to have been wounded to the soul because his lordship showed "so much attention, engrossing attention, to the only blockhead at the table, the whole company consisting of his lordship, Dunderpate and myself."

It is related of a distinguished Senator, who had been in rather bad health, that he was accosted by a constituent during one of those breathless periods of the late war, when the very destinies of the nation seemed to our exalted fancies to hang upon the fortunes of the hour:

"Oh, Mr. ——, I am so glad to see you!" said the friend; "is there—have you any news?"

"Thank you!" responded the Senator, with grave serenity: "thank you; I am much better!"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A Capital Dog Story.

A Chelsea man, once on a time, before the running of horse cars, came to Boston with his young wife to attend the opera. The lady was so fascinated that she refused to leave until the final drop of the curtain. Then, to the consternation of both, it was found to be so late as to raise a serious doubt whether the 12 o'clock Chelsea ferry boat could be reached; and that was the last trip for the night. Yet they hurried down Hanover street, but only to find, as they feared, that the boat had gone. There was nothing left for them to do but to foot it along Commercial street to Charlestown bridge, and through Charlestown, over Chelsea bridge, a long, dreary walk, and one which at that time had a bad reputation, by reason of some assaults committed on belated pedestrians. The lady was greatly alarmed and very unwillingly went forward. But as they were hurrying along a strange, savage bull dog accosted them much to the disgust and alarm of the lady, who bid him be "off," of which, however, he took no notice, but after smelling around finally made up his mind that they would answer his purpose and that he would theirs, and so deliberately trotted along after them. When they reached the long, dreary, Chelsea bridge, nothing induced the lady to venture forward but the presence of this strange dog. As they were nearing the center of the bridge, a slouchy man was discovered ahead, leaning against the rail of the bridge, who immediately, on discovering the approaching party, began to move forward toward them, to the special consternation of the trembling woman. The gentleman spoke to an undertone to the dog who seemed to understand the position and to be master of it, too, and left his place behind, and took his place in front; and as they approached the suspicious man, greeted him with a savage growl, and appeared ready for a spring. The sight and sound of the dog acted as a charm on the man, and he slunk away from the path and allowed the party to go along unchallenged. The trio reached home in safety; and it is hardly necessary to say, the strange, friendly dog was cordially welcomed into the house and fed and petted like the prince of dogs, as he had shown himself to be. The next morning the dog took his departure without leaving his name or residence and was never afterwards seen by the persons whom he had so mysteriously and effectively befriended.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

☞ Jonathan says he couldn't help laughing the other day at an anecdote of a man accustomed to make long prayers, who had persuaded a guest, greatly against his inclination, to stay to breakfast. He prayed and prayed, till his impatient guest began to think of edging quietly away, and walking off—but in attempting it he waked up to the old man's son, who was asleep in his chair.

"How soon will your father be through?" whispered the guest.

"Has he got to the Jews?" asked the boy in reply, in the same tone.

"No," said the other.

"Well, then he ain't half through," replied the boy, and composed himself again to his nap; whereupon the guest bolted at once.

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Deposits, April 1, 1870, $801,796 37
Amount Invested, 822,484 73

Deposits received daily from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2½ to 4½ P. M.

Interest on deposits will hereafter commence on the *first day of each month*, instead of quarterly as heretofore

Deposits made on or before the first Monday of May will draw interest from the first day of May.

The dividends, as soon as declared, will be added to the principal, and receive interest like an original deposit

For the past five years the Bank has paid regular semi annual dividends at the rate of seven per cent per annum The dividends will not be less than at that rate hereafter and may occasionally exceed it.

Deposits may be withdrawn on any day during Bank hours.

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Since the organization of the Bank, deposits have been received to the amount of about two millions of dollars, all of which sum has been invested without the loss of a single dollar.

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WM. R. SMITH, Treasurer.

18tf

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OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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Augusta, March 8th, 1870. 14f

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"Received in full for this certificate, ——— dollars ——— cents.

[Date.] [Signature.]

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